SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Time's Changes.

BY THE LATE WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
  That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to Life's cloudless air,
  And Nature joy'd to view its moulding;
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
  Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rose-bud mouth—her eyes of jet—
  Around on all their light bestowing.
Oh! who could look on such a form,
  So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
  Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mein, and in her face,
  And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptured gazer trace
  But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
  But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
  Though yet of earthly sights the fairest;
Upon her breast she held a child,
  The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
  They seem'd to live but in each other;—
But matron cares, or lurking woe,
  Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
  Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
  Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
  Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
  In widow's garments had arrayed her.
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
  As even my reveries pourtray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
  The sunshine and the sparkling glitter,
Still, though I noted pale decay,
  The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For in their place a calmness dwelt,
  Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
  That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
  A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf
  Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
  Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
  From whence the spark had fled forever!
I gazed—my heart was like to burst—
  And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
  When she, a girl, was tender hearted,—
And, when I mused on later days,
  As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
  Of ripen'd hope and sunny beauty,—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
  Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me.
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
  Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I held a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world; for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us; and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarrelled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her, she haunted me, her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bed-side and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of the child's death it should pass to my wife as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can hardly fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought, but I marked him looking at me; not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks, and there as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree: starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife, a rough model of a boat, which finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back toward the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bed-room window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lay waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bed-room window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand and now a foot and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought that the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or sound, how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever, but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a downlooking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" *I* could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace, and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a low, deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried my visiters.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were, and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper. What noble animals they are!"

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who, with their noses to the ground, moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again, and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles's name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth, and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

I Stood by the Grave.

I stood by the grave, and the dark night came
From its evening couch of faded flame
The blue stars shed their silver ray
On a form more brief and pale than they
I stood on the grave, and I thought how soon
From its sleep I should welcome the lady moon

The ivy shook, as the wild bat fled
On its path of night o'er the voiceless dead
The willows waved on the sullen blast
That sadly across the old tombs passed
And weeping over my kindred clay,
I stood by the grave where my fathers lay.

I stood by the grave, 'mid the wailing moans,
That whispered over the bleaching bones
I stood by the grave, 'mid the flowers that grew
Rank and wild amidst cool poisonous dew
I stood by the grave, and I wished that the breeze
Should thus blow on me, when I slept like these!

I stood by the grave and my young heart felt
Its hopes and its fears together melt
How the bliss of life, which I loved so well
Had vanished, I could not, I would not tell.
But I felt that my spirit soon should be
Straying in light through heaven's blue sea

I stood by the grave, and I turned away
From all that on earth could woo my stay
In the diademed world my place was high,
'Mid the full of heart, and the bright of eye
But I felt that I soon should leave them all
For the charnel's feast and the death-worm's hall

Oh! there are many, and kind and gay,
Who will weep my spirit when passed away
And they will think how I have been
Thoughtless as aught of their thoughtless scene
Yet I stood by the grave, and I only sighed
For the hour that should tell them—that I had died!

I deemed that my manhood, one violet path
Of life may have, as my boyhood hath
But a festering curse has blighted me
Ere the blossom had dropped from the withered tree
Still I stood by the grave, and wish'd that I
In its putrid bed could meekly lie

I stood by the grave—a single hour—
And methought 'twould make a pleasant bower
For willow, and cypress, and rosemary,
A chaplet fresh should weave for me.
And my nuptial feast the worms should share,
Quaffing their draughts from the white skulls there!

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. —Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when full of pennence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little, grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, among the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends among whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls or title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice—insure your life for a few thousand; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance office where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, among which the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses that would smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in the hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in formation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as an eel itself.—Alas! they were first ordered into an adjacent room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer that met any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest gintleman in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No—the rheumatiz,—nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was kilt in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all kilt in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, niver fear; I'm the swatest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which isn't often."

"What, sir, can you drink a little?"

"Three bottles—and aisy."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look appoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Divil a bit, sir. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never mind that. I dont mean to drink more than a battle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose among the directors respecting this gentleman's elegibility. The words "row," and "three bottles" rang hurry-scurry around the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to shew herself to be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I "twenty thousand pounds, and a widow!"

"Ah, madam," observed the chairman "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some farther transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ——, a very particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of the dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes toward me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one, "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another, "not likely to be knocked in a row."

"Strong, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third, "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a fault in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman said that I was warrented sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed out-right. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" enquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand the lady in the carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in —— street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity of your doing all this?"

"My wife will most likely make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance you have bought of me against the purchase money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust at the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves.—The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants, and I would have given the world to have appeared a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen year's purchase.—Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus!" I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologise and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence, and the East Indies, liver complaints, and Life Insurance with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and papreter-plu perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Oh, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Gray and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-de' uvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest, too, as they say in the Insurance Office!" The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty upon stilts; but put us on fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new Poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalised, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away until I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement to be sure that the coal holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over.—When I arrived I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going on a trading voyage to New Holland. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow-fever, or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite; my anecdote of New Holland irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves until it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogised my modesty till it was well nigh burned into a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate allusion to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took it upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor swindling, disreputable vagabond, ——— but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped from her knee.

* * * * * * *

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend the lawyer.

Dear Sir,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a trader to New Holland, you may rely on my interest there.

From the Pennsylvania German.

Lay of The Imprisoned Knight.

From the German of Goethe.

KNIGHT

Ah! well I know the loveliest flower
  The fairest of the fair
Of all that deck my lady's bower
  Or bind her floating hair
And in these dreary walls I pine
Or I would make the treasure mine
But be it squire, or be it Knight
  Who brings it here to me
Behold this jewel blazing bright

THE ROSE

Beneath thy grated window's seat
  Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet
  The sweetest of them all
And surely, then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh
  For whom they wake the song

KNIGHT

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow
  The sweetest breath was given
The brightest hue that decks the bow
  That spans the arch of heaven
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
  As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
  For whom I make my moan

THE LILY

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
  Over all the subject plain
The lily's humbler charms surpass'd
  The pomp of Judah's reign
Each heart where virtuous passions rise
  And chaste emotions lie
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
  The flower of purity

KNIGHT

This heart is pure, this hand is clear
  I boast them free from stain
Yet while one beats in prison here,
  The other's might is vain
And, lovely flower, the image thou
  Of virgin beauty's form—
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
  Before December's storm

THE CARNATION

The warder of this haughty tower
  Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation flower
  The cares of man repay
In Flora's thousand glories dressed
  My varied petals bloom
And well the loaded gales attest
  Their burdens of perfume

KNIGHT

Yes, foster'd by the care of man
  In sunshine or in shade
The peasant rears thee as he can
  Or views thee droop and fade
A flower which fears not winter's harms
  The ills that wait on you
Of lowly and of native charms
  My wishes still pursue

VIOLET

From the far covert of the grove
  All humble I implore
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love
  Thy weary search is o'er,
No peasant's hand may e'er invade
  To culture or to kill,
To shelter of the wild wood's shade
  That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT

Thy modest beauties well I prize
  Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
  And of their azure hue
Not on the mountain's shelving side
  Not in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
  The flower I seek is found

Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom,
  Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb
  It says Forget me not
And this is still the loveliest flower
  The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower
  Or bind her floating hair.

THE

HUSBAND, WIFE, AND LOVER.

A True Story of the Orient.

BY MISS PARDOE.

An eminent merchant of Stamboul, extremely wealthy, and considerably past the middle age, became the husband of a very young and lovely woman. As Turkish females never see the individual whom they wish to marry previous to the ceremony, but are chosen by some matronly relation of the person who finds it expedient to bestow himself on a wife, and who having seen and approved the lady, arranges all preliminaries with her parents; so it may well be imagined that the bride is frequently far from congratulating herself on her change of position, and such, as it would appear from the result, was the case with the young wife to whom I have just referred, and who was destined to become the heroine of a frightful tragedy.

Two years passed over Fatima Hanoum, and she became the mother of a son; but her heart was not with its father, and unhappily for the weak victim of passion and disappointment, it had found a resting place elsewhere.

The merchant's house was situated near a mosque, from the gallery of whose minaret all the windows of the harem were overlooked. The sun was setting on a glorious summer evening, when the Imaum ascended to this gallery to utter the shrill cry of the muezzin, which summons the faithful to prayer. Ere he commenced the invocation, he chanced to glance downward, and he started, as he beheld a man, cling to a shawl which had been flung from above, and making his way into the harem of the merchant through an open window. Nor was this all, for the quick and jealous eye of the Imaum at once assured him that the delinquent was a Greek—that the wife of a Mussulman had stooped to accept the love of a Christian—and he well knew that, in such a case, there was no mercy for the culprit.

The Imaum was a stern man; for one moment only he wavered; and during that moment he raised the ample turban from his brow, and suffered the cool evening breeze to breathe lovingly upon his temples; in the next, he bent over the railings of the gallery, and spate upon the earth, as he murmured to himself, "The dog of an infidel—may his father's grave be defiled!—May his mother eat dirt!"—and having so testified his contempt and abhorrence of the ill-fated lover, he lifted his gaze to the clear sky, and the ringing cry pealed out—"La Allah, illa Allah! Muhamed Resoul Allah!"

His duty over, the Imaum descended the dark and narrow stair of the minaret, and left the mosque, and in another instant he had put off his slippers at the entrance of the salemlick, and stood before the sofa, at the upper end of which sat the merchant, smoking his chibouk of jassamine wood, and attended by two slaves.

The Turks are not fond husbands, but they are jealous ones. They are watchful of their women not because they love them, but because they are anxious for their own honor; and no instance can be adduced in which an Osmauli is wilfully blind to the errors of his wife.

Here the offence was not to be forgiven. The young and beautiful Fatima Hanoum had wronged him by loving a Greek! The grey-bearded merchant, trembling between rage and grief, rose from his seat and rushed into the harem. The tale was true—for one moment the aged and unrelenting husband looked upon the young and handsome lover, and in the next the agile Greek had flung up the lattice and sprung from the open window. Ere long the house was filled with the relatives of the wife, and its spacious apartments were loud with anguish and invective; but Fatima Hanoum answered neither to the sobbing of grief nor to the reproach of scorn; she sat doubled up upon her cushions, with her eyes rivetted on the casement by which her lover escaped.

The merchant stung to the heart, embittered in spirit by the knowledge that his rival was a Christian, and not altogether forgetful, it may be of the grace and beauty of the mother of his child, sat moodily apart; and all the reasonings and beseechings of his wife's anxious family only wrung from him the unyielding answer that he would never see her more.

And the heretic lover, where was he?

Like an arrow shot by a strong arm, he had sped to the home of his widowed mother, and had hurriedly imparted to her the fearful jeopardy in which he stood. There was not a moment to be lost; and hastily snatching up some food that had been prepared for his evening meal, he flung himself upon the neck of his weeping parent, and then, disengaging himself from her clinging arms, rushed from the house, no one knew whither.

But the Imaum meanwhile was not idle. He had aroused the neighborhood—he had raised the cry of sacrilege—he had bruited abroad the injury of the Moslem—and ere long a Turkish guard was on the track of the young Greek.—But no trace of him could be discovered, and the fair Hanoum was removed to the harem of one of her husband's relatives, where her every look and action were subjected to the most rigorous observance, before the faintest hope had been entertained of securing her miserable lover.

Three wretched days were past, and on the morning of the fourth the pangs of hunger became too mighty for the youth to support. He stole from his concealment, he looked around him, and he was alone! He ventured a few paces forward; rich fruits were pendant from the branches of the tall trees beneath which he moved, and he seized them with avidity; but, as he raised his hand a second time to the laden boughs, he heard near him the deep breathing of one who wept. He glanced toward the spot whence the sound came, and his heart melted within him. It was his mother! the guardian of his youth, the friend of his manhood, the mourner over his blighted hopes. He rushed toward her, he murmured her name, and for a moment the parent and child forgot all, save each other! It was the watchful love of the mother which first awoke to fear; and in a few seconds the secret of her son was confided to her, and she was comparatively happy. She could steal to his hiding place at midnight; she could insure him against hunger; she could hear his voice, and convince himself that he yet lived; and with this conviction she hurried from his side, and bade him wait patiently yet a few hours, when she would bring him food.

The young Greek stole back to his hiding place, and slept. The sleep of the wretched is heavy—slow to come, and weighing down with wild and bitter dreams; and thus slumbered the criminal. The night was very dark when he awoke and heard footsteps, and then he doubted not that his watchful parent was indeed come to solace the moments of his trembling solitude.—Had he paused an instant, and afforded time for the perfect awakening of all his senses, he would have discovered at once that the sounds of many feet were on the earth; but he had already passed several days without cause of alarm, and his past safety betrayed him into a false feeling of security.

The unhappy youth had not wandered beyond the spacious gardens of his home, which, rising the height behind the house, were divided into terraces along whose whole extent had been placed avenues of orange and lemon trees, planted in immense vases of red clay. Several of these, in which the plants had failed or perished, had been reversed to protect them from the weather, and one of them, dragged in the first paroxysm of terror to the mouth of an exhausted well, had served to screen the culprit from the gaze of his pursuers. But on this night, when by some extraordinary fatality he forgot for an instant the caution which had hitherto been his protection, he clambered to the mouth of the pit as he heard the coming footsteps and pushing aside the vase, sprang out upon the path.

The moonlight fell on him as he emerged from his concealment, pale and haggard; his dark locks dank with the heavy atmosphere of his hiding place, and his frame weakened by exhaustion. As he gained his foot and looked around him, his arms fell listlessly at his sides, and his head drooped upon his breast. He had no longer either strength or energy to wrestle with his fate; and he put his hands into the grasp of the armed men among whom he stood, and suffered himself to be lead away from the home of his boyhood, and the clasp of his shrieking mother with the docility of a child.

The trail followed close upon the discovery of the lover. There was no hope for the wretched pair. Against them appeared the Imaum, stern, uncompromising, and circumstantial—the furious husband, callous as marble—the faith which had been disregarded—society which had been scandalised. For them there were none to plead, save the gray-haired and widowed mother who wept and knelt to save her only son; but who asked his life in mercy and not in justice. Alas! it only remained for them to die.

It was at this period that my friend the ——, first became connected with the affair. The family of the condemned woman, knowing his influence with the government, flung themselves at his feet and implored his interference. They expatiated on the beauty of the misguided Fatima—on the want of affection on the part of the husband—on the personal qualification of him whom she loved—they left no theme untouched; and he became deeply interested in her fate, and resolved that while a hope remained he would not abandon her cause. But he was fated to plead in vain; every Turkish breast beat high with indignation that a vile Greek should supplant a true believer; my friend urged, supplicated, and besought unheeded; and at length found himself unable to adduce another argument in her behalf.

When reluctantly convinced of the fact, he discovered that through his exertions to save her life his feelings had become so deeply enthralled by the idea of the miserable woman, that he resolved to endeavor to see her ere she died; and he was startled by the ready acquiescence that followed his request, as well as by the terms in which it was couched. "We shall visit her at midnight, to acquaint her officially with the result of the trial," was the answer, "and should you think proper you may accompany us; for you will have no further opportunity of indulging in your curiosity."

Under these circumstances he did not hesitate; and a few minutes before midnight he was at the door of the harem in which she had resided since her removal from her husband's house. The officers of justice followed almost immediately; and it struck him as they passed the threshold, that they were in greater number than so simple an errand appeared to exact but as he instantly remembered that others might feel the same curiosity as he himself, and profit by the same means of gratifying it, he did not dwell upon the circumstance.

All was hushed in the harem; and the fall of their unslippered feet awoke no echo on the matted floor. One solitary slave awaited them at the head of the stairs, and he moved slowly before the party with a lamp in his hand, to the apartment of the condemned woman.

She was sleeping when they entered. Her cheek was pillowed upon her arm, and a quantity of rich dark hair which had escaped from beneath the painted handkerchief that was twisted about her head, lay scattered about her pillow.—She was deadly pale, but her eyebrows and the long silken lashes which fringed her closed eyes, were intensely black, and relieved the pallor of her complexion; while her fine and delicate features completed as lovely a face as ever the gaze of man lingered on. At times a shuddering spasm contracted for an instant the muscles of her countenance—the terrors of the day had tinged her midnight dreams; and at times she smiled a fleeting smile, which was succeeded by a sigh, as if, even in sleep, the memory of past happiness was clouded by a pang.

But her slumber was not destined to be of long continuance; for the principal individuals of the party, suddenly bending over her, grasped her arm, and exclaimed, "Wake, Fatima, wake! we have tidings for you!"

The unhappy woman started, and looked up, and then hurriedly concealing her face in the coverlets, she gasped out, "Mashallah! What means this! What would you have with me that you steal upon me in the dark? Am I not a Turkish woman? And am I not uncovered?"

"Fear nothing, Hanoum," pursued the official; "we have tidings for you which we could not delay."

"God is great!" shrieked the unhappy one, raising herself upon her pillow. "You have pardoned him—"

But the generous, self-forgetting prophecy was false. In the energy of her sudden hope she had sprung into a sitting posture, and ere the words had left her lips, the fatal bowstring was about her throat.

It was the horror of a moment. Two of the executioners flung themselves upon her, and held her down—a couple more grasped her hands—a heavy knee pressed down her heaving chest—there was a low gurgling sound hushed as soon as it was heard, a frightful spasm which almost hurled the strong men from above the convulsed frame—and all was over.

At day-break on the morrow, the young Greek was led from his prison. For several days he had refused food, and he was scarcely able to drag his fainting limbs along the uneven streets. Two men supported him, and at length he reached the termination of his painful pilgrimage.—For a moment he stood rooted to the earth—he gasped for breath—he tore away his turban, and clenched his hands until the blood sprang beneath the nails. She whom he had loved was before him—her once beautiful face was swollen and livid, and exposed to the profane gaze of a countless multitude. She was before him—and the handkerchief from which she was suspended, beside the spot marked out for himself, was one which he had given her in an hour of passion, when they looked not thus to perish!

The Palace of Versailles.

The correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser gives the following description of this magnificent palace:

"I have spent several days at Versailles, which you know is 12 miles west of the city. Nothing I have yet seen in Europe has so absolutely overpowered my imagination. All the descriptions of it come short of the reality. Probably such another monument of royal extravagance and folly does not exist on earth, and it may be safely predicted that all future time will never give rise to any thing comparable to it: at least it is to be hoped not. The palace and grounds have cost successive generations upward of two hundred millions of dollars; and the stranger is fairly bewildered with the gorgeous magnificence of the scene. On entering the principal edifice, 800 feet in length, you wander in seemingly endless succession through hall and chamber, and cabinet and state-rooms, till the eye becomes weary and dazzled with their rich and gaudy decorations. No description can give you any idea of them. The chapel is a superb monument of the magnificence of Louis XIV. and the theatre, once extremely splendid, now looks as tawdry as splendor always does in decay.

A brief notice of the *Salon d'Hercules* will give you some idea of these apartments.—The hall is 64 feet by 50; is ornamented with 20 massive marble pilasters, standing on solid brass pedestals, and surmounted with gilded Corinthian capitals, supporting a burnished cornice filled with various trophies. The painted ceiling, filled with full length figures, represents the apotheosis of Hercules. Here are also two large pictures by Paul Veronese, which were presented to Louis XIV. by the Republic of Venice. The most valuable of the two is 14 by 13 feet, and represents the Saviour at the house of Simon the Pharisee; it contains 43 figures. The floor of this fantastic apartment is a tessellated pavement of black and white marble.

The whole ground floor of the Palace is dedicated to the arts. One apartment, 30 feet wide, and near 400 long, is wholly occupied with statuary, comprising all the kings and distinguished personages of France from the 7th century to the days of Napoleon—mementoes of whom meet the eye in every direction. In one room two colossal statues represent him as Emperor, and in the centre he stands in bronze as he stood in the fields of his glory, *en militare*. You enter the chapel from this floor. Here you are surrounded with emblematic paintings and scriptural imagery. The whole Heavenly Host is richly displayed on the ceiling, the Divine presence being gorgeously shadowed forth in the centre!

Many of the superb paintings, marble ornaments, mirrors, tables which embellished the private rooms of Louis XVI. and his luckless Queen, still remain untouched. The gallery of Le Brun, on the second floor, is chiefly dedicated to the glory of the 14th Louis. The apartment is 217 feet in length and 30 in breadth, with a painted ceiling, illustrating the memorable epochs in that long and prosperous reign, 37 feet above the floor. The whole is lighted by 17 immense windows, the panes of which are 3 feet by 2. There are numerous portraits by the first masters, representing him through every period of life, from infancy to mature age. On certain state occasions this apartment was lighted by 20,000 wax candles, the walls being sheeted with mirrors, in frames studded with a paste in imitation of diamonds, the lustre of which, added to that of the rich dresses of the old court, must have given inconceivable splendor to their assemblies.

The two small palaces called the Trianons, at some distance from the principal edifice, within the limits of the gardens, are in a state of lamentable decay. The largest, about half a mile distant, was built for Madame de Maintenon, and was, you know, the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette. In that day it must have realised the poetic visions of a fairy residence. The peristyle, the pavillions, the balustrades, and the figures of the Loves and Graces, are all executed in the finest marble, with inimitable lightness, delicacy and taste. The building is 80 feet square, and two stories above the basement. It was in this palace that Maria Louisa had her first interview with her father, after the abdication of Napoleon. The beautiful *neglige* English style of the garden, is in charming contrast with the regularity and artful order of the other grounds.

The gardens of the sumptuous palace are in keeping. The grounds, which are 30 miles in circumference, comprise a park of 5 miles circuit, and various gardens and hunting grounds, laid out with distressing regularity. Innumerable statues, temples, and pavillions greet the eye in every direction, while shrubbery, parterres, artificial lakes, and fountains sending their silver waters in the air through the mouths of huge river gods and sea-horses, in every direction, diversify the enchanting scenery. I counted 96 lakes or sheets of water, each sending forth streams through various *jets d'eau*, filling the air with spray and vapor, reflecting the rich colors of the rainbow. Numerous columns of water rise 100 feet out of the largest of the ponds. Some of the noble trees which overshadow the walks, are said to be near two centuries old.

Some of the numerous avenues are 100 feet wide, and bronze and marble heroes, statesmen, naiads and dryads, greet you along every path. There are upward of a thousand pieces of sculpture about the palace and grounds. There is a fine collection of plants gathered from every clime, in the orangery, an area 600 feet in length, and sunk 30 feet below the terrace in the rear of the palace. The trunks of many of the orange trees are 10 to 12 inches in diameter, and the trees are 20 feet high, the branches being heavy with the golden fruit. The very accomodating gardner pointed out to us the rarest varieties of the plants, and told us the collection comprised 20,000 species.

The premises are under the care of a Chamberlain, who is paid by the government; a fine looking, affable Frenchman, who wears a cocked hat, a star on his breast, and a coat covered with lace. A small fee opens to you every door and apartment of the place, which is regularly inhabited only by a few domestics; some of whom, for a small gratuity, will conduct you through the grounds, and explain their historical associations. Here it was, you remember, that Lafayette gallantly rescued the beautiful Marie Antoinette, when the infuriate mob rushed to the Palace, during the Revolution.

All the attractions of the place are artificial—it possesses no natural beauty. The finest view is from the court yard, in front of the palace, which is the most elevated spot on the premises. Radii of spacious avenues leading from every point of the compass, (and spreading out before you like a fan,) here meet at the gates of the square—each being 200 feet in width, and skirted with double rows of majestic trees. These magnificent roads severally lead to Paris, St. Claud, St. Denis, Fontainbleau, and St. Germain, and are paved throughout. The gates are all closed against visitors at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The solitude and silence which reign here is quite oppressive to one who has just issued from the metropolis. I never felt more disposed to moralise; the gloom and inaction of the place, united with the picture of decay and violence presented on all sides, are certainly well suited to awaken sad recollections of the uncertain tenure of human prosperity. I pictured to myself the gaiety and merriment which once animated the scenes which are now so languid and solitary—the difference between Marie Antoinette revelling here in all the pomp and parade of royal dignity, and her subsequent condition in the Conciergerie, after her sentence to the scaffold! Ah! how little could *Louis le Grand*, surrounded with his brilliant court, have anticipated the fate of his descendants and his gorgeous palace!"

Departure of Missionaries.—The new ship General Harrison, Capt. Ballard, sailed from Boston last Saturday for Calcutta. She carries out several Missionaries, belonging to the Baptist persuasion.

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1840.

☞ This Paper, under its present editors and proprietors, shall be peculiarly fitted for the *family* perusal. It shall not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall never call the blush to the cheek of innocence, or furnish material for the growth of a vicious thought.—With this view, it will ever be firmly, and studiously, Opposed to Theatres, as things calculated to injure the healthy action of an honest mind—as creative of exhibitions demoralising in tendency, and fearfully pernicious in fact.

Our Offers.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS in *advance* remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for *three years*: *or for one* copy of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for *one* year.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for *two* copies of the Post, and *two* of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for *three* copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS, *in advance*, will secure *six* copies of the Post, and *six* copies of the Casket for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles*, with *rich engravings*, and *highly colored fashions*. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and constitutes an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and *remit it by mail*, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. tf

Newspapers.

We are pleased to witness, a growing improvement in the typographical appearance, and in the tone, and spirit of the editorial writing of the newspapers of the United States. It is a gratifying evidence of the progress of the nation in taste, and manners. A man who wishes to succeed as editor now, must gird up his loins, and fit himself for the duties which the situation imposes. A host of ambitious and talented rivals, starting in the race around him, forbid a slumbering, lethargic, and indolent course. He must labor, or go down with his fortune, and reputation wrecked. It is well that it so. If the safety of a nation's liberty is to be estimated by the intelligence of her people, the progress of a correct taste for literature augurs well for our country, and proves that freedom is safe in the keeping of her sons. The expectations and predictions of tyrants in the old world must prove false, and hollow, while men of principle and ability, control the press of this country. But if the facilities which are afforded on every hand, and afforded to all, for the dissemination of useful knowledge, and sound morality, should be prostituted by the designing or the profligate, the very means which providence has ordained for the safety, and preservation of the nation, will be converted into its greatest curse. We had almost said, that the editors of a country are responsible for the tone of its morals. They are the great instructors of the nation, and in their hands in a great degree is its destiny.

Next to a scandalous profligacy in morals and principle in conducting a newspaper, we deprecate the example of your selfish, ignorant, narrow-minded we of a trashy and diluted sheet, who imagines that no person else has a right to live in the world but upon permission, and not as an editor or publisher upon any terms. He thinks that the space, which he is conceited enough to suppose that he occupies in the public eye, must be affected, if any one beside him is permitted to exist; and puffed up with his lofty pretensions, he turns out Sir Oracular, and prose away in a strain of as much importance as if he had received a charter from indulgent Heaven to supply the world with editorials. If a cotemporary makes any remark in the way of his business, he supposes that when the arrow left the string it was aimed at him, and spins out a senseless and unmeaning farrago of nonsense, with as much apparent sincerity as if it was to be imagined any body would read it. It is a melancholy spectacle!—Such men deserve the pity, while they are sure to receive the universal scorn of their cotemporaries. They are of all men avoided and despised.

There is nothing to be gained by this affected importance, to conceal a hollow-hearted selfishness, the veil is so extremely thin, and the littleness of the man so palpable behind it. We believe that the world is wide enough for all honest men to exist in, or Providence would have placed a bounty upon vice and meaness, but the world has furnished many melancholy examples of men who have made themselves miserable to embitter the lives of their neighbors, and have died, in the end, without a shilling or a friend.

There is a pleasure in being associated in a profession with men of honor and high-bred courtesy, who are as incapable of a mean action as they are of wrongfully applying the motives of others, and we are proud to say, that this is preeminently true with the body of editors in this city. Their intercourse with each other is characterised by a high regard for each others feelings, and even the asperity of party strife is softened, and occasionally a severe blow is withheld, and the advantage disregarded, that the gentleman may not be sacrificed, and the proper courtesies of friendship may not be invaded. This is as it should be. It gives a dignity to the profession, perpetuates a lofty example, and gives a healthful glow to public sentiment, which can never be cultivated among your brawling editors, half savage, half civilized, who hack and hew the reputation of each other with as little remorse, and with as much pleasure as if the action were meritorious, instead of being disgraceful.

Com. Elliott's Case.

This case still occupies the attention of the Court Martial. The testimony of the witnesses has not yet been finished. The numerous charges are more or less sustained by evidence; but, as in all difficulties, the blame belongs to neither party exclusively. The strongest testimony adduced this week was that of Midshipman Barton, who stated that after being wounded and carried on board the Constitution, he was removed almost instantly by the orders of the Commodore, although he begged earnestly to remain, and the physician considered his removal dangerous. The pain of being hoisted out was excruciating, and the blood "gushed madly from the bandages." The Commodore gave as one of the reasons for this act, the quarrelsome terms on which Barton was with most of the officers.

Sale of Dahlias.

We call attention to the sale of Dahlias by Messrs. Hirst & Dreer, to be held this morning at Doolittle's auction rooms, in Fourth street near the Merchant's Hotel. The assortment, we understand, is very choice. Their advertisement may be found in another column.

Mr. Smith.—We regret to learn that inquiries for Mr. Benjamin Smith, late of the Pennsylvania Bank, have not been successful—he has not been heard of since the day before the Baltimore Convention. We believe a committee of gentlemen visited that city and Washington for the purpose of obtaining information of Mr. S. but were unable to hear of him. It is of consequence that a person absent in such a way should be inquired for closely. The life of a citizen is precious in a republic, and all good reasons unite to induce the closest search for one whose absence is unaccounted for.

The Fine Arts.

The Artists' Fund Society.

The exhibition of the Society, in their new hall on Chesnut above Tenth streets, still continues to attract crowds of visitors. The evening, however, appears to be the favorite time for visiting it, although the pictures do not appear so much to advantage, in the glare of the gas, as they do in the mellower light of the day. A late stroll through the rooms enables us to speak more at large of the pictures than we could hitherto. Still, however, our limits will only allow us to notice the choicest of the pieces.

No. 10. *Stag Hunt, in Mosaic, by Moglia.*—This is a beautiful thing, by an Italian artist. It is so well executed as to deceive all who do not examine it closely. It is a fair specimen of that wonderful art, now carried to such high perfection in Rome, by which the *chef de œuvre* of Raphael, Angelo, Guido, Da Vinci, and the other masters, can be perpetuated in mosaic, long after the originals have rotted from the canvass.

No. 24. *Portrait of a Lady, by R. Peale.*—The loveliest face in the room. Nor has the fair original, we can confidently say, been flattered. There is a sweetness in the expression of that countenance which haunts us even yet, and comes across the memory at times like the bright faces in some long forgotten dream.

No. 25. *Portrait of a Child, by T. Sully.*—If we mistake not, this is an old favorite. Has it not been in Mr. Earle's gallery for years?

No. 36. *Portrait of Rev. Dr. Bethune, by R. Peale.*—This, like all of Mr. Peale's pictures, is finished with elaborate skill. It is a fine painting, though the details are not yet completed.

No. 38. *The Old Story, by W. S. Mount.*—This artist is already celebrated in a line somewhat between that of Ostade and Teniers. The present picture is a choice production. The stove-pipe, however, in the centre, ought not to reach to the top, thus cutting the picture, apparently, in half. The expression of the faces, the attitudes of the figures, and the disposition of the light and shade, are all admirable. The same may be said of another composition of Mr. Mount, called the "*Successful Picture*," and numbered in the catalogue fifty-nine.

No. 49. *Portrait of Judge Baldwin, by J. R. Lambdin.*—An excellent picture. Mr. Lambdin's style is not, however, so perceptible here as in other of his pieces.

No. 67. *W. E. Burton as Ollapod, by H. Inman.*—A good likeness, and a better picture. Mr. Inman has no other piece equal to it in the Hall.

No. 70. *The Ghost Story, by G. H. Comegys.*—This is is a fine composition. Nothing can be more life like. The gloomy old barn—the eager attention of the listeners, and the affrighted look of the boy looking around are not to be surpassed. The coloring of Mr. Comegys, however, is always bad, as it too often is with young men. But in talent for conceiving a subject, few artists, old or young, can surpass him.

No. 100. *The Country Girl, by T. Sully.*—This fine composition, after a well known belle, as fascinating as she is fair, attracts every eye. It is the most beautiful, as No. twenty-four is the most lovely face in the room. As a picture, it has few equals. The coloring is peculiarly fine. There is a poetry around the whole, which is always a characteristic of Sully, and which has done more for his reputation than any thing else.

No. 105. *Cattle Piece, by Carl Kuntz.*—One of the best pictures, in its way, contained in the exhibition. The cattle cannot well be surpassed. But there is no effect, if we may so speak, in the landscape. Divest the picture of the animals, and it is but little above common place.

No. 111. *The Wissahicon, by W. T. R. Smith.*—One of the best pictures we ever saw from his easel. He is the antipode of Mr. Kuntz. No artist in our city excels him in giving *effect* to his pieces; for he never paints a landscape without selecting the most picturesque view it affords. His management of light and shade are admirable.

No. 180. *Portrait of John S. Du Solle, by G. W. Conarroe.*—A perfect likeness—an excellent picture. The poet is represented holding a pen, and looking out toward you, as if musing at his desk. The lattice at the left, through which streams the light,—the dark mass of shadow in the other corner—and the elaborate finish which characterises the minutest detail, make this one of the best portraits in the room. Our right excellent and facetious friend enjoys a rare happiness in having such a limner.

No. 196. *The Painter's Dream, by G. H. Comegys.*—This piece has more real imagination in it than anything in the room. The Painter is asleep in his studio, with his pallet, brushes, models, and drawings strewn around, while a shadowy host of the "great and glorious dead," led on by Titian, Angelo, and Raphael, and closed by an indistinct crowd, appear passing in array before him. We cannot help returning, and returning again, to this composition as we pass around the room.

For the present, however, we must close. We shall endeavor to find room next week for a farther notice of the exhibition.

McArran's Garden.

This popular evening resort was opened for the season on Monday last. The display of lamps was brilliant, excelling even that of last year. A band of music was also in attendance.

From the London and Paris Ladies Magazine of Fashion.

Latest Fashions.

Our more recent communications from Paris inform us that the materials in fashion are likely to be of great variety this season; silks, glaces, and shot, mostly of light colors, muslins, pekins, satins, mauslins de laine, &c. &c. with respect to the make, there appears to exist some degree of rivalry between tight sleeves and bouffante ones, but it is probable the latter will triumph; the present tight sleeves differ from those worn two years since—they resemble habit sleeves, having two seams and elbows, and four small buttons on the bottom. The full sleeves are moderate in size, and some are without any trimming on the top, and rather short, with a band which buttons, and from it issues a sleeve of clear or embroidered muslin, also terminating with a narrow band, to which a cuff is sewed, falling on the hand. Spencers continue in fashion; those of velvet, with straight sleeves, without any fullness, almost tight, no wristband. Some very pretty spring dresses appeared at Longchamps, with biasis at the bottom of the skirts, and on the sleeves; the bodies open en cœur, with biasis laid on, which met those on the sleeves; some were with bouillons, others with flounces liseréd with another color; embroidery in silks is very fashionable, both for shawls and dresses. Lace is also much used on dresses, both black and white; as a general observation, it may be said, that the folds on dresses may either cross over each other or not; that points are suitable to married ladies, but for young ladies the points are not so deep, and the body higher, and the fulness on the top of the sleeves is confined very low on the arm. Colored tulles will be fashionable for light evening dresses, with corsage drape, trimmed with bouillons.

Bonnets are made rather straight, short in front, and not quite so low at the ears as those of last year; the shape is round in front, and very small; the crown quite low and very little ornamented. The bonnets at Longchamps were white, with marabouts, glacees, silks, poult de soie covered with bouillons of crape mixed with violets; pink bonnets with veils, repe covered with crape, which was bouillonne at the edge, but in folds under and on the crown. Capotes of gauze or crape, with a fichu of lace or gause on them; the favorite flowers were bunches of hearts-ease, roses, violets, lilacs, and lilies of the valley.

Ribbons are but little used on bonnets; the favorite ones are apricot, puce, green, violet, grey, pink, and chocolate; but before this came the Scotch plaids of ribbon, velvet, plain, or epingse, checked, plain ground, or varied by a showy flower. A satin or watered ribbon of an inch wide, tied in a rosette with long ends, forms a pretty ornament for the throat.

Fringes are likely to remain in favor this summer; they will be worn on the ends of silk scarfs, and round cachmire and Barige shawls, the latter materials again appearing; very large silk scarfs will be worn at the commencement of the season, without being trimmed with fringe; but as soon as they become common, it is expected lace will be again resorted to. A great many square cachmires are worne just now, green or blue, with large pines on a plain ground, fastened in front by a brooch, for which purpose coral is very fashionable.

New Publications.

"A Description of the Canals and Rail-roads of the United States, *Comprehending Notices of all the Works of Internal Improvement throughout the several States*," *by H. S. Tanner, Philadelphia, New York J. R. Tanner, and J. Disturnell.*—This work should be in the hands of every American reader. It embodies a vast amount of useful and valuable information, and is free from all dulness. It is not a mere summary of the successive acts of the various Legislatures, and a condensation of reprints of Canal Commissioners and Superintendents of public works, but it is a liberal, bold and comprehensive view, not only of the improvements themselves, but of their effects upon the manners, habits, and prosperity of the people. All the great improvements of the day, are correctly laid out before the eye, by means of well drawn maps, which are connected with the work, and materially aid the reader in grasping the details of the various branches discussed. It is worth the room on the shelves of a library of fifty trashy novels. The work is for sale in this city at the store of Mr. Tanner, 32 South Sixth street.

Master Humphrey's Clock, *by Charles Dickens, Esq.*—*No. 2. Lea & Blanchard.*—This number contains Nos. three and four of the London weekly edition. Messrs. Lea and Blanchard intend issuing the work on every other Wednesday, thus furnishing two of the English numbers in one. They will be illustrated with wood cuts.

No one, with any critical acumen whatever, can fail to perceive the vast inferiority of this number to any thing which Boz has yet produced. If it were not unfair to judge of a work by such a small portion as some forty pages of it, we should unhesitatingly pronounce Master Humphrey's Clock to be a complete failure.

Insanity of "Boz."—There is no foundation for the report pretending to come from a London source, of April 2d, that Mr. Dickens, the distinguished author, had become insane. Letters have been received from him to April 12th, and instead of writing from a *mad house*, where it is alleged he was confined, he dates from his residence, "Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park."

The Book of Jasher.—We have not yet received the Book of Jasher. Why do'nt it come?

The Anniversaries.

American Education Society.—The twenty-fourth anniversary of this society was held in N. York a day or two ago. The report stated that the number of indivuals aided by the Society since its last anniversary is as follows:—267 persons in 18 theological seminaries; 487 in 28 colleges; and 160 in 57 academies—total 914. Of these, 540 were assisted in institutions in the N. England States, and 360 in the Middle, Southern and Western States. The number of new beneficiaries received during the year is 127. The Society has aided since its commencement 3260 persons, a large proportion of whom have entered the ministry. The receipts for the year amount to \$51,307,60, and the expenditures \$58,636,67, exceeding the receipts \$7,329,07. The earnings of the beneficiaries, as reported, is \$31,972; the whole amount the last 13 years is \$309,203. The sum refunded by beneficiaries the last year is \$4,784,84, which, added to what had been refunded in previous years, makes the total amount \$39,163.

American Temperance Union. The anniversary of the American Temperance Union was held on Tuesday evening week, in the Murray street Presbyterian Church. Mr. Delavan in the chair. An abstract of the report was read by the Rev. J. Marsh, Corresponding Secretary; and the meeting was addressed in a very able and interesting manner by the Rev. Dr. Humphrey, of Amherst College, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Dr. Patton, Rev. Mr. Kirk and Mr. Stewart, from Ireland. The meeting was continued to a late hour; but such was the attraction given to the subject by these eloquent gentlemen that scarce an individual was seen to leave the house. The wonderful progress of the cause in Ireland gave to the meeting unusual interest. More than a million in that country have now received the pledge. Sixty thousand persons received it in Dublin in the week ending April 4. Mr. Kirk moved a Temperance Convention for the whole world. He was sure Ireland would be represented there; and he thought also some Mowqua or Hocheang from China.

The American Home Missionary Society.—The report to the anniversary meeting of this Society, held on Wednesday last, in New York, represents that, during the last year, 680 Missionaries had been in commission, and had extended their labors over 22 different States and Territories, and in Lower Canada. During the past year 4750 persons were added to the churches, and 60,000 scholars attended the Sabbath schools. Receipts of the year, 78,245 dollars 20 cts.

The American Tract Society.—The fifteenth anniversary was held, in New York on Wednesday last. The report states that, during the last year, 3,408,500 publications have been printed, and 4,219,721 circulated. Since the formation of the society 1,125,613,705 pages have been printed; and 1,941,671,276 pages circulated. Receipts for the year 117,616 dollars 16 cents.

Philadelphia Anniversaries.

Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church *of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.*

The convention met on Tuesday evening in St. Andrew's Church; and were occupied until the adjournment in their organisation.

Wednesday. This morning the convention met to hear religious exercises; after which they proceeded to admit new delegates, and various alterations were made in the standing rules of the body. The Right Rev. the Bishop of the Diocese then pronounced the annual address upon the state of the church in Pennsylvania.

The convention after transacting business of minor importance adjourned until the afternoon.

Afternoon. Reports from committees were read, when the Committee on Unfinished Business reported the items left undisposed of by the last Annual Convention.

The Reverend Doctor Boyd offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of ten, to take into consideration the catechism of the church, and its adaptation to the Sunday School, and also the more effectual instruction of children in the doctrines, worship, and discipline of the church.

The resolution was agreed to, and the chair requested to appoint, whereupon the Bishop named a committee composed of five of the clergy and five of the laity.

The standing committees were then elected, and the Parochial report read. These reports presented generally a cheering prospect of the state of the church. The convention then adjourned.

Thursday.—Little business of importance was transacted this morning. The convention, however, resolved to meet next year at Harrisburg.

Afternoon.—On motion of the Rev. Dr. Boyd, a committee of five was raised to inquire into the expediency of publishing a weekly or monthly journal under the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Diocese, to report to the next convention. Adjourned.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.—The new school body convened on Thursday morning in the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. B. Dickinson, D. D. the Moderator of last year preached the sermon.

The Rev. Mr. Wisner was chosen Moderator, and Henry A. Rowland temporary Clerk.

The old school body convened in the Seventh Presbyterian Church, at the head of Ranstead Court, on Thursday morning. The Assembly opened with a sermon by the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D. D. of Cincinnati, Ohio, the Moderator of the last year.

The Rev. Wm. M. Engles was elected Moderator, and Rev. Sylvester Scovel temporary Clerk.

Annual Meeting of the Philadelphia City Mission.—The Society assembled on Tuesday evening at the Rev. Dr. Bethune's Church. The meeting was cheering to every friend of religion or morality of whatever sect. The utmost unanimity characterised the proceedings. The Rev. Messrs. Coleman and Maxwell, of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Mr. Bigler, of the Moravian Church, and the Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church, were the principal speakers. A collection was taken up.

Annual Meeting of the Diocesan Sunday School Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church *of the State of Pennsylvania.*

On Tuesday evening, this Society met in St. Andrew's Church, immediately after the adjournment of the Annual Convention. After the transaction of the usual preliminary business, the meeting adjourned until the next evening; but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, little was done.

Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Bible Society.—This meeting took place on Thursday evening, in the First Presbyterian Church. The exercises were unusually interesting. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Porter, Williams, Kirk, Talbot, and Dale, and resolutions were adopted to supply every family in Pennsylvania with a Bible, and every child with a Testament.

Annual Meeting of the Bishop White Prayer Book Society.—A very interesting meeting of this society took place on Thursday evening at St. Andrew's Church. Addresses were made by the Right Rev. Bishop Kemper, Rev. Mr. Odenheimer and others.

Financial Record.

New Orleans Banks.—The following condensed statement of the Banks in New Orleans, on the 4th of May, 1840, we copy from the U. S. Gazette, viz:

New Orleans Canal and Banking Company,
Carrollton Railroad and Banking Company,
Citizens' Bank of Louisiana,
Commercial Bank of New Orleans,
Consolidated Association,
Exchange and Banking Company,
Gas Light and Banking Company,
Improvement and Banking Company,
Bank of Louisiana,
Louisiana State Bank,
Mechanics' and Traders' Bank,
Atchafalaya Bank,

Capital paid up,	\$41,761,509
Discounts and Loans,	48,730,457
Domestic bills and bank notes of other States held by the banks	2,077,509
Bal. due from banks in other States,	892,535
do. to Banks in other States,	1,798,464
do. from foreign bankers.	681,926
do. to foreign bankers,	61,343
do. to local banks,	717,438
do. from local banks,	735,562
Deposits,	7,294,440
Circulation, exclusive of 1,363,671 held by 14 city banks,	4,743,122
Specie in the vaults,	3,575,238
Capital gain and profits undivided,	5,638,666
Liabilities other than those expressed,	8,494,904
Assets other than those expressed,	4,092,707
Real Estate and other investments,	6,425,386

Canal Commissioners.—The Board of Canal Commissioners have made a report to the Senate, under the requisitions of a resolution of that body passed 17th April last, showing the amount actually paid to contractors on the North Branch and Erie Extension of the Pennsylvania Canals, the Wisconisco Feeder, and the road to avoid the Inclined Plane at Columbia, out of the appropriations made by the acts of the 9th of February, and the 19th of July, 1839. The amount due on each of said lines the 1st of April, 1840, and the amount of retained per centage. The following is the Recapitulation:—Amount paid contractors, \$1,311,562 06; Do. due 1st April, \$470,746 97; Do. retained per centage, \$256,839 18—Total, \$2,048,148 23.

Strong Language.

We have often spoken of the freedom of the more influential portions of the English press, which amounts almost to self-licence, in one sense of that word. The paragraphs subjoined from the London Times, on the difficulties between Great Britain and China, are couched in the strongest vein. We leave those who have studied the subject thoroughly, to decide whether they are just or unjust.

"This affair of China is terrible enough. It is the case of a lawless and accursed traffic, to be bolstered up by a flagitious and murderous war. Nor is there a shadow of an argument, or even a pretext, in defence of the Government which has involved us in these calamities. Ignorance, arrogance, and ruinous want of principle have swayed all their proceedings since the hour when they deposed the East India Company from its eminence, and took upon themselves the administration of those duties and powers which they had compelled it to abandon."

* * * *

"We have sent a costly naval armament against the Chinese empire, and an army of 10,000 men is to join it from the Bay of Bengal. The first expense to the British Treasury of this expedition will exceed three millions of money. The loss already sustained by our merchants in their confiscated cargoes has not fallen short of two. The annual sacrifice of revenue, from the utter extinction of our commerce with the Chinese empire, may well be counted at two millions more, omitting to mention the annual wear and tear of ships, troops, and seamen, should hostilities continue for more than one campaign; and all this for what?—for the sake, 1st, of accomplishing a crime against the first element of the law of nations; for the sake, 2d, of forcing an entrance among a reluctant people upon their own soil; 3d, for the sake of carrying into operation, by violence, an illegal traffic in an unwholesome drug, in defiance of the independent crown of China; 4th, for the sake of robbing the Chinese treasury of the value of smuggled merchandise lawfully confiscated by orders of its Government."

Worthy of Notice.—We learn from the Mount Pleasant Register, that Miss Mary Campell, of Fayette County, New Haven, has been cured of Asthma, with which she has been afflicted for more than eighteen years, by the use of Dr. Jayne's *Expectorant*. The disease was deep seated, and aggravated, but this cure was effected by the use of eleven bottles. The Register adds, we make this public for the information and benefit of others. We give it to our readers with the same motive, and we may be allowed to add, that this medicine, is not a common quack medicine of the day, but is the regular receipt of an educated and well known physician. Dr. Jayne, deserves well of posterity for his labors in ameliorating the sufferings of his fellow men. He has saved many, whose carelessness, and indiscretion have brought them near the grave, and his Expectorant is now not only used, but openly recommended by all the best and most intelligent physicians, as a cure for cough or consumption, we know of nothing more invaluable, and it has been found to be of great service to many afflicted with oppression of the breast, and disease of the liver. Its use is, however, its best recommendation.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH QUEEN!

13 Days and 11 Hours Passage.

We have the pleasure to announce the arrival of the packet steam ship British Queen, Captain Roberts, from London, via Portsmouth. Capt. R. reports his passage to have been performed in 13 days and 11 hours from the time he discharged his pilot until he took one of the Hook.

England.

The House of Commons re-assembled, after the Easter adjournment, on the 29th of April. The House of Lords stood adjourned to the 30th.

In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Lord John Russell said that on the next day he would state the actual position of the negotiations concerning the Maine boundary question.

The other proceedings of the session were on local matters.

The Queen and Prince Albert were amusing themselves with concerts, festivals, levees, and public dinners.

Benjamin West's picture of the Annunciation, painted for the church of St. Marylebone, was sold on the 29th of April, by order of the vestry, at auction for ten guineas! It was painted in 1817, and the artist was paid for it £800.

On the 24th of March the great Hebrew printing office at Wilna was destroyed by fire—loss estimated at 200,000 silver rubles.

Our readers are aware that the Chinese difficulties have arisen in part from the killing of a native by some English sailors, in a row, and the refusal of Capt. Elliot to surrender the culprits for trial by the Chinese authorities. He thought it best to take the matter into his own hands, and therefore, after a trial of some sort, sentenced five of the sailors to a certain period of imprisonment in England. They arrived, about the end of April, and were almost immediately set at liberty, the law officers of the Crown being of opinion that Captain Elliott had no authority to sentence them as he had done.

Slave Trade.—A very pretty schooner, the Vizen, is now lying in the Salthouse-dock Liverpool. She measures 43 tons, and when captured, 320 slaves were found on board.

The Two Sicilies.

The following extracts contain all the intelligence we can find respecting the quarrel with England about the sulphur.

The Censeur de Lyons of the 16th publishes the following private letter from Rome of the 14th:—

"An English steam vessel has returned to Naples from Malta, in order to receive from Mr. Temple the King's definite reply to the letter of Great Britain. Ferdinand being aware of this betook himself with all speed to Castellamare, so that the English envoy found no person to whom he could address himself when he arrived at the Palace, and the vessel had consequently to leave, without bringing the Admiral who commands the British force at Naples the answer which he expected in order to act upon it.

"The coasts are in a state of defence, and preparations are being made for a serious contest.

"The first hostile act of the part on England will probably be the capture of Neapolitan vessels; and just at this moment the two most powerful ships of the royal navy are at sea."

The Neapolitan navy is composed of 12 vessels of war, among which are the Vesuvio, 82 guns; the frigate Parthenope, 60; Isabella, 48; and the Urania, 46.

Turkey and Egypt.

If the letters in the London papers may be credited, the British are quietly slipping into a quarrel with the Pacha, which may hasten the issue of the Turco-Egyptian question. For example, the following from the London Morning Herald:

Alexandria, April 6.—The Russians continue their warlike measures—the troops are ready to cross the Turkish frontier. M. De Boutenieff has assured the Divan of the active support of Russia, and of her willingness to send an army to act in concert with the Turkish forces against Ibrahim Pacha.

The English, on the other hand, confine their operations to intrigue. They are inclined to prevent, by their naval forces, the departure of the Ottoman fleet from Alexandria, while Turkish ships, with men and warlike stores, should consistently effect a descent in Syria. This is the plan which Lord Ponsonby is said to have communicated to the Divan, and, to ensure its success, he is endeavoring, by the medium of the officers belonging to the Gorgon steamer, and of the sloop lying in our roads, to make the officers and crews of the Turkish fleet hostile to the Pacha.

These intrigues have been supported by Colonel Hodges, the British consul, who, intervening on the part of the Turkish sailors, demanded a conference with the Pacha, and begged the latter to allow those sailors desirous of returning home to proceed to Constantinople. The Pacha made the following reply:—"It is your policy which has occasioned the present state of affairs—you have obliged me to make preparations of defence, and to fear a blockade and landing of troops. I am on the footing of war—military law is in vigor—and, therefore, should any officer or sailor attempt to go away, I will have him publicly shot as a deserter."

Russia.

A letter from Odessa brings intelligence of another victory gained by the Circassians over their oppressors. They have taken a Russian fort with a battery of twenty guns. The Russians, on the other hand, are on the eve of invading Circassia with another army, and it is supposed that 40,000 men now at Sebastopol are destined for that purpose.

The last news from the expedition to Khiva confirmed the previous accounts of its failure; but those accounts being from St. Petersburg, where nothing unfavorable to Russia is permitted to be published, the failure is softened down into a concentration of troops near the Emba, in the entrenchments erected by the Russians at the commencement of this disastrous campaign. The troops are said to have encountered tremendous hurricanes and intense cold, 25 degrees and more below freezing point. They had not met with the Tartar enemy. The English government, it is said has intimated to the Russian ambassador that if the expedition be renewed or persevered in, the government of India will send an army upon the Oxus, and will occupy the most important points in that quarter by its troops.

Thirty-three priests of the Romish united Greek church have been exiled from Russia for having signed an act signifying their adhesion to the church of Rome.

China.

The ship Diana, from Canton, has arrived at London. She brought home five British seamen in irons, who were charged with creating the first row at a Chinese village in Hong Kong bay, and killed a Chinaman. They were all liberated a short time after their arrival. They tell the following story:

On the 4th of July last, the anniversary of American independence, several American seamen went ashore to a small village, where they got drunk and quarrelled with the Chinese.—After committing many acts of disorder, they left the place and in doing so fell in with some British seamen, to whom, however, they behaved in a very friendly manner, with the exception of one man, known as Baltimore Tom, who boasts of his pugilistic powers, and challenged to fight any seaman on board a British ship, accompanying his challenge with some insulting remarks. The British seamen did not offer to molest Baltimore Tom on that occasion, but a week afterward, learning that he had gone ashore, several English and Scotch sailors went after him with a determination, for the honor of their common country, to fight him if he would accept of one of them as an adversary. When they got upon the beach, at a village abreast of Lin Tin, the British seamen met the Americans coming toward their boats without the boasting Baltimore Tom. The Americans had their hats decorated with gold leaves, which they said they had taken from the Chinese, whom they had fought and beaten. They also stated that they had broken open a "joshouse," or Chinese place of worship, and knocked the wooden gods and idols about. The British seamen proceeded to the village, which they had no sooner entered than the Chinese, believing them to belong to the party of Americans who had just committed the outrage, attacked them with sticks and stones in a brutal manner. The British seamen retaliated, and, after a most desperate conflict, succeeded in defeating the Chinamen, cleared the village, and caused them to fly in all directions.

France.

The marriage of the Duke de Nemours and the Princess Victoria of Saxe Coburg was solemnised at the Palace of St. Cloud, on the 27th of April. The ceremony was as strictly private as the etiquette of the French Court admits. The King of the Belgians and the Infante and Infanta were among the guests. Immediately afterward an amnesty for all political offences up to May was published.

The mediation of the King of France between England and the Two Sicilies has been offered, and accepted by the former. Indeed it is understood to have been asked for by the King of Naples.

The latest intelligence from Algiers was to the 18th of April. The Dukes of Orleans and Aumale had arrived, and, with Marshal Valee, reviewed the troops. On the 17th the Duke of Orleans set off for the camp at Bouffarick, the head-quarters of his division. There was a report that a daring attempt had been made by the Kabyles to recover possession of Cherchell, but the arrisong beat them off with considerable loss.

There had been more corn riots in some of the provinces, but nothing serious. They were allayed without the shedding of blood.

In the Chamber of Deputies the ministerial demand of 1,500,000 francs, for the blockade of Buenos Ayres, was agreed to by a vote of 260 to 10. Private letters report that an expedition against Buenos Ayres was contemplated by the French government.

It has been stated, that 34 bankruptcies took place in Paris during the first fortnight of March; the second half of that month no fewer than 57 bankruptcies were declared there, averaging four a-day, one of which was for a sum of 663,000 francs.

The number of silk looms in France is 86,640, producing annually goods to the value of 211,-550,000 francs, of which 73,000,000f. are consumed in France, and 138,550,000f. are exported. They employ 169,280 weakers, and 139,623,330f. worth of raw silk; and the labor amounts to 70,-926,670f. or about 300f. each weaver. The interest and profit on the capital embarked is 21,-000,000. The manufactories of Lyons employ 40,800 looms, 80,000 workmen, and produce 100,-000,000f. worth of silk.

Spain.

The cause of the constitutional government, under the banner of the Queen, is progressing in the provinces, by the defeat of the Carlists. In addition to the fort at Castellote that of Alleaga has fallen into their hands, and the whole garrison has been taken prisoners. Brigadier Zurbano, on the 19th, routed the 1st Aragonese Carlist batallion, and took 300 of the rebels, with a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition.

The fortress of Allega, just captured, will become in the hands of the Queen's army an important strong-hold; it is placed between two little rivers on the top of a craggy rock, inaccessible on one side and easily defended on the other. Cabrera considered it to be the palladium of his army, but a sort of fatality pervades the Carlist ranks, and they seem now to be powerless. The fort is supposed to be capable of keeping a considerable army in check.

There had been another breaking up of the cabinet, several of the ministers having resigned. Only one new appointment is announced—that of Count Clonard to be minister of war. General Evans had gone to Madrid, to make, or attempt, some settlement of the claims of the Spanish Legion. No military movements of any importance are mentioned.

Madrid letters of the 21st say that the health of the young Queen is very delicate, and the physicians having advised change of air, her mother, the regent, purposes to make a tour with her, either in Andalusia or in the Basque provinces.

Algiers.

The Paris papers contain letters from Algiers to the 18th. The arrival of the Duke of Orleans had caused great joy among the troops, and the campaign was immediately to be commenced.—Operations are to be begun on an extensive scale, as the commander-in-chief is determined to risk all to put down Abd-el-Kader. Indeed, the safety of the African colony depends on a vital blow being struck against the power of the Emir, and the hostile tribes who have now obeyed his summons to a holy war. Abd-el-Kader was at Medeah with his regular forces. He had fortified some of the mountain passes, and was busy in exciting the insurrections even among the most distant.—He has offered temptations of money and land to such French soldiers as may desert. His irregular troops carry their audacity to a great length, and notwithstanding the presence of 30,000 French troops in the immediate vicinity of Algiers, extensive robberies of cattle are being daily perpetrated.

Foreign Varieties.

War with America.

In another portion of our paper we have given a view of the present state of affairs in America. The dispute between England and the United States upon the question of the Maine boundary, has attained a crisis, and it appears very uncertain whether the restless democracy, which has the away in that immense country, will not force us into a war with them.

A war with America—a war with the grandsons of our own grandfathers—is almost as much to be deprecated as a war with Yorkshire. We trust—and the character of those who now guide our councils is our pledge of trust—that no means of avoiding so dire a misfortune will be neglected. If, however, it is thrust upon us, and there is no possibility of avoiding the contest without dishonor, we have no fear for the result. Long, however, may we be spared the necessity of proving the temper of our arms upon such an enemy as this.—*London Atlas.*

The Boundary.

The London Chronicle (ministerial) states that some time in March instructions were sent out to the Governor General of Canada and the British minister at Washington, to arrange the incidental question, respecting the extent and occupation of the disputed territory, which was the subject of the last published correspondence between the latter and Mr. Forsyth. This correspondence attracted much attention in London, and was vehemently discussed in the newspapers—of course with a great deal of party feeling, each party endeavoring to throw the blame of the boundary difficulty upon the other. We infer from the tone of the discussion, and from other circumstances, that an effort in earnest will immediately be made by the British Government to bring the matter to a definite conclusion.

The Jews.

The Jews are still persecuted in Europe and the East in a most horrible manner, on account of the alleged murder at Damascus.

Some doubt still appears to rest on the announced discovery of the murder of Father Tomaso and his servant at Damascus.

Don Miguel.

Don Miguel has published a letter in his own name, in which he distinctly and emphatically denies his rumored voluntary renunciation of all claim to the crown of Portugal. Whether he does or not is of very little consequence.

O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell employed his Easter holyday in "agitating" most strenuously against Lord Stanley's registration bill. In Dublin he got up an immense meeting at which strong resolutions against the bill were passed, and the great Daniel himself was never more prolific in speeches, letters, &c. or more successful in rousing the people. It is indeed with him a struggle for life; for should the bill pass, and a new election take place under its provisions, his influence in the return of members would be almost annihilated.

Consequences of Female Curiosity.—An extraordinary case of this kind occurred at Uffington, near Stamford, on Friday last, very early in the morning. A married woman, about 35 years of age, the wife of a laborer named Stanton, was indulging in very attentive observation of the proceedings in a neighboring house, when, leaning too far out of a window in her earnestness to see all that could be seen, she lost her hold, and was precipitated heavily to the ground, from a height of about 15 feet. Her fall being upon a hard pavement, she fractured her right collar-bone, three or four of her ribs, her breast bone, and the left fore-arm, beside dreadfully bruising herself in other parts of the body. The poor woman was brought to Stamford Infirmary, where she now lies in a precarious state.

Dreams.—Mr. Macnish, in his recent work on the philosophy of sleep, relates the case of a woman in the West Highlands of Scotland, who became deranged in consequence of a terrific dream. He states, that in her derangement she escaped to the mountains, and lived and herded with the wild deer for seven years. She became so swift of foot, that the shepherds of those regions, and others by whom she was occasionally seen, could never arrest her. At the end of her seven years' wandering, a severe storm drove the herds of deer and the woman with them into the valleys, where she was surrounded and caught. She was conveyed to her husband, by whom she was kindly received and in the course of three months regained her reason.

Smuggling Device.—The Paris custom-house officers remarked lately that a well dressed lady passed every day, followed by a domestic with an infant in her arms. This infant wore a very long robe, a hat which came far over its face, and had the appearance of being asleep. At last, the officers became suspicious of these promenaders, and what was their surprise, on examining the child, to find it was made of straw, covered with skin, and contained bottles of spiritous liquors!

Pardon.—The king of France, wishing to honor the occasion of the marriage of his second son, the Duc de Nemours, by some signal act of clemency, issued a decree on the 27th of April, restoring to liberty all who had been condemned for political crimes and offences previous to the 8th of May, 1837.

Proceedings of Congress.

Twenty-sixth Congress.—First Session.

May 14, 1840.

Senate.—Discussion on the Bankrupt Bill.

House.—The House was occupied all day in discussing the course proper to be adopted regarding the late difficulty on the floor of the House between Messrs. Garland and Bynum.

May 18, 1840.

Col. Preston, from the Committee on Military affairs, reported a joint resolution in favor of allowing to the State of Kentucky a claim against the General Government for suppling arms. The resolution was read twice.

The Bankrupt Bill was taken up, and Mr. Webster delivered a speech in its favor.

Notwithstanding the heat of the day the attendance was immense.

The Senate then went into Executive Session and soon adjourned.

House.—As soon as the journal of Saturday was read, Mr. Atherton, of N. H. called up the Sub-Treasury Bill. A motion was mode to suspend the rules, and a call of the House was ordered. The rules were not suspended, the vote being 106 in favor to 92 against suspension.

Mr. Atherton followed up his motion with a resolution to make the Sub-Treasury Bill the special order for to-morrow at 12 o'clock, and every day thereafter until disposed of. The yeas and nays were demanded by Mr. Weller, of Ohio, but the necessary majority refused to suspend the rules, the House being unwilling to postpone the reception of petitions.

May 19, 1840.

Senate.—After the presentation of some unimportant petitions, a bill was called up to provide for satisfying outstanding claims to bounty lands for military services in the late war with Great Britain, and for other purposes.

The bill created an animated discussion. The bill at one o'clock was passed over informally.

Mr. Strange, of N. C. called up the General Bankrupt Bill, which is now the special order of the day.

Several Executive messages were received before the adjournment.

The bills which passed the House this morning were sent to the Senate and referred. The Senate adjourned.

House.—Mr. Cushing, of Mass.—who in the absence of Mr. Pickens will be the acting chairman of the committee on foreign relations,—called up a bill making appropriations for carrying into effect the commission between the United States and Mexico in relation to the claims between the two Governments. The bill, after a brief discussion, was passed.

Mr. Atherton moved the postponement of all previous orders for the purpose of taking up the Senate Sub Treasury Bill, and making it the special order of the day. The necessary vote was not given, and the House passed to other business.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Harrisburg, May 18, 1840.

In the Senate—Mr Fraily (Schuylkill) presented a petition signed by citizens of Schuylkill county for the passage of an act authorizing the establishment of a branch by the United States Bank at Pottsville in said county, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

The bill to equalise the rates of toll upon the York and Maryland line, and Baltimore and Susquehanna railroads, was taken up and passed. Several bills were passed of a local character, and a number were referred to the Standing Committees of the Senate.

In the House, several petitions were presented by Messrs. Crabb, Lee and Griffiths, for the repeal of the law authorizing the widening of Callowhill street. Mr Fisher offered a joint resolution for the purpose of repealing the said law—laid on the table.

Mr. Hoge, of Mercer, offered a resolution to appoint a committee to visit the Wisconisco Feeder, and report upon the propriety of making any further appropriations to the work. After some discussion, it was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Brodhead's resolution, which he offered on the day of the adjournment, that the daily pay of members during the recess, should be suspended, and that they receive mileage, was taken up and debated at length. An amendment was offered by Mr. Nill, providing that they should receive neither; this caused a long talk, and many unsuccessful efforts to postpone. &c. Ultimately the subject was referred to the Committee on Accounts, who no doubt will report according to law. Very little else was done.

Harrisburg, May 19, 1840.

Senate—The whole morning was taken up in committee in the consideration of the bill to remodel the militia system—nothing was done with it. The committee will sit again to-morrow.

In the House a joint resolution was offered by Mr Lee, leaving to the commissioners of the Districts of Kensington and Northern Liberties the matter of opening Queen street, and repealing any providing otherwise, which was laid upon the table. Mr. Hartshorne was put upon the committee on banks in the place of Mr. Swayne, deceased. The bill to incorporate the Neptune Hose Company of Philadelphia was passed. A few unimportant bills were acted upon.

Apalachicola.—The district of Apalachicola has, between the 1st of October and 1st May last, exported to foreign and domestic ports 54,827 bales of cotton. The receipts of cotton during the present year will nearly or quite double those of the last. There were in the harbor on the 2d inst. eleven vessels of the larger class loading for Liverpool, two for Havre; together with a great number for northern and southern ports.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance [for six] months.
Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed [to us.] The word "free" of itself is not a frank.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names [and] initials.
[Unpaid] letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half [year's] subscription, and then only at the option of the [pub]lisher if arrearages are due.
[Sma]ll Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment [of] our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. [The]y should always give names and time paid for.
Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of post[age], in advance, will be entitled to six copies.
Removals must always state the Post-office removed [from], as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Business Department.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when [the]y order a discontinuance will give the *legal* written no[tic]e. A paper returned and marked "*refused*" is no notice [un]der the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. [It] is impossible for us to find the post town at which a [pa]per is received by the mere return of the paper, and it [is] in every case of discontinuance be given as well as [the] name of the subscriber. We are imperious in this [mat]ter.

[☞] AGENCY.—Mr. C. W. James our agent at Cincinnati, [is] authorized to appoint sub agents. Our Western [sub]scribers who do not remit by mail can pay their sub[scri]ptions into his hand. His office is on Harrison street, [the] first brick house east of Broadway.

☞ T. C. MILLER, Esq. is our agent for the Saturday [Eve]ning Post, and the Philadelphia Casket, at Auburn, [New] York, and we cordially recommend him to subscri[bers] as well as to persons wishing to subscribe to either [our] paper or the Magazine at that place.

☞ NEW YORK SUBSCRIBERS.—Mr. Wm. M. Christy is [now] on a collecting tour through the State of New York, [and] will pay our subscribers a visit. We hope that they [wil]l be prepared to receive him.

☞ NOTICE—DELAWARE AND MARYLAND.—Mr. Richard [Sm]ith is now on a collecting tour for us through the [Stat]es of Delaware and Maryland, and the District of [Col]umbia. Our subscribers will please be prepared with [smi]ling faces, and the ready change to welcome him.

☞ NEW ORLEANS.—Messrs. JOHN F. CURBS & Co. Peri[odic]al Booksellers, 13 Exchange Place, are the only au[thori]zed Agents for the Saturday Evening Post, and the [Phil]adelphia Casket, in New Orleans. They will also re[ceive] subscriptions for Texas, and forward the papers [regul]arly by the packets. All Northern Periodicals and [Mag]azines are for sale at their office.

City News.

[A] GANG OF JUVENILE THIEVES.—The southwestern [sect]ion of the District of Moyamensing has been for [som]e time past infested by a gang of juvenile thieves, [mos]t of whom belong to the most respectable fami[lies.] The police had their eyes upon them for several [wee]ks, but no arrests were made till Monday morn[ing,] when Alderman McLean and Constable [McL]aughlin, succeeded in ferreting out two of the [wors]t of the gang named Arthur O'Niel and James [Wil]d, both of whom were fully committed upon a [char]ge of stealing a copper boiler, valued at $30, from [Fra]n'a McBride, distiller, in Shippen street above [13th.] Several other arrests were also made, and [the] offenders sent to the House of Refuge. It appear[s tha]t the gang had been in the habit of pilfering [every]thing they could lay their hands upon, and that [they] had been encouraged and abetted by a most no[torio]us receiver of stolen goods, named James Toner, [men]tioned in another paragraph, who generally pur[chas]ed their plunder.

ROBBERY—*Stolen Goods Recovered.*—On Friday [last] Mr. C. P. Gideon, who resides in Hughes' Court, [South]wark, had his house entered and robbed of a [qua]ntity of wearing apparel and a miniature belong[ing] to his wife, valued at $15. Mr. Gideon's name was [stam]ped upon some articles of the wearing apparel, [and] yesterday while passing a second-hand clothing [store] in Shippen street, between Sixth and Seventh, [kept] by a Mrs. Murphy, he discovered a pair of pants, [&c.] which were among them, hanging out at the [door.] He identified them as his, and immediately [lodg]ed information at the office of Alderman Hoffner, [who] issued a warrant for Mrs. Murphy's arrest.

Mrs. Murphy is the wife of Archibald Murphy, for[merl]y a police officer in Moyamensing. She has fre[quen]tly been arrested for receiving stolen property, [and] the store she keeps has for years borne a notorious [char]acter.

THE MISTRESS OF A BROTHEL IN TROUBLE.—The [mis]tress of a brothel in Pine street below 12th, named [Eli]zabeth Hewitt, known in the city for years as one [of t]he most notorious of women, was bound over on [Tue]sday morning by the Recorder, for keeping a disor[derly] house. The bail demanded was $500. She was [also] required to enter a like security for endeavoring [to en]tice an intelligent and pretty little girl named [Eliz]abeth Forrest, who boarded with her, to prostitute [hers]elf with an elderly brute that was in the habit of [visi]ting her house. The little girl, who had unfortu[nate]ly been the victim of seduction, and driven to a [life] of prostitution, was sent by his Honor at her own [req]uest to the Magdalene Asylum.

DISTRESSING RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—An interest[ing] [l]ad son of Mr. Moore, No. 317 North Front street, [was] run over and almost instantly killed in Front [stree]t, on Sunday evening between 5 and 6 o'clock, [by t]he Trenton railroad cars. The wheels passed di[rect]ly across his breast. No blame, we believe, could [be at]tached to any one who were in charge of the [cars.] The lad accidentally fell off from one of the [car]s upon which he had imprudently climbed, while [the] train was under way. The Coroner held an in[ques]t upon the body a few minutes after the accident. [Ver]dict of the jury in accordance with the above [fac]ts.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—*A Woman Disrobed in the [Str]eet.*—A highway robbery of no usual occurrence [was] perpetrated on Monday night in the neighborhood [of] Sixth and Small streets. A white girl, named Mary [N]oney, was fallen upon by three black wenches, [kno]cked down senseless, and stripped of every article [of c]lothing she had upon her person. On Tuesday, one [of th]e wenches, named Mary Smith, was arrested and [ful]ly committed by Alderman Hoffner. Some of the [clot]hing was recovered. The wench arrested is an [old] offender, and nothing will be left undone to have [her] prosecuted to the extent of the law.

RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS ARRESTED.—A man [nam]ed James Toner, who has for the last two or three [yea]rs kept a second-hand store in Shippen Lane, be[low] South street, was arrested on Tuesday morning and [com]mitted by Alderman McLean for receiving stolen [goo]ds. Numberless articles were found in his store. It [is] thought that he has several accomplices, and the po[lice] are actively engaged in endeavoring to discover [them.] The evidence before the Alderman also show[ed th]at he had held thieves of every grade, both old [and] young, in pilfering.

A CORRECTION.—We wish our readers to under[st]and that the Dr. Joseph P. Elkington, arrested on Monday for his association with certain counter[fei]ters &c. is not the Dr. John A. Elkington, of the Monument Cemetery, and late port physician. To [tho]se acquainted individually with this latter gentle[man,] such a remark were unnecessary; but we are anx[ious] to disabuse the minds of the multitude of any im[pre]ssion of the kind which a similarity of name may [hav]e originated.

ESCAPED FROM THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.—On Satur[day] afternoon, last nine boys, all between the ages of 14 [and] 16 years, inmates of the House of Refuge, effected [thei]r escape. They are still at large. The escape [was] made through the roof of one of the back build[ings,] by knocking off the slating, reaching from thence [the] wall, and from thence the ground outside, either [by] jumping or lowering themselves down in some [wa]y.

WISE, THE ÆRONAUT.—Mr. Wise, the intrepid [æro]naut, describing his balloon ascension of Monday, [say]s—"That after a beautiful ride in full view of [man]y villages, and of the Atlantic Ocean, he landed [on t]he farm of L. J. Vandegrist, of Bensalem township, Bucks county, not far from Bristol. When near Bus[tlet]on, some fellow fired a gun at him. He returned [the] compliment with a sand bag—which was probably [as] effectual as the shot."

ILLEGAL VOTING.—A man, named Lewis Cochran, [was] held to bail on Monday by Alderman Binns, in $1000, for illegal voting in the Second ward, South[wa]rk, at the election for Alderman on the 20th of March last. He was a resident at the time of the First ward, Moyamensing, and had voted for the Al[der]man of that ward. Constable McGinnis, of the Second ward, Southwark, became his bail.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—The Coroner was called on Monday afternoon to a house in Front street, near Maiden, to hold an inquest upon the body of a Mrs. Walton, who had poisoned herself by taking three pennies worth of arsenic. Some domestic difficulty was assigned as the cause.

THE CASE OF JAMES WOOD.—In the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on Wednesday morning, the case of James Wood was called up. The Attorney General, C. Wallace Brooke, Esq., stated to the Court, that he had visited the prisoner in his cell in Moyamensing, and had found him perfectly calm and composed, and that too even when subjects the most calculated to excite him were touched upon, for instance, the mentioning the name of Peake, for whom he expressed no other feelings than those of the most sovereign contempt, saying, that he did not consider him worthy of his revenge.

The Attorney General further stated, as the result of his investigation, that he believed the prisoner to be sane, and was entirely willing to leave the matter of his release from prison to the Court; who agreed to take the three sureties in $6,000 each, which had been proffered. The prisoner as soon as released will be taken out of the State. His sureties are all men of property and the most respectable standing.

MR. MCMICHAEL'S LECTURE.—The Germantown Telegraph speaking of Morton McMichael's lecture on Saturday in that place, says it was one of the most splendid intellectual efforts ever listened to, and that a community, whose literary tastes could not relish *such* an entertainment, must, indeed, be buried in Egyptian darkness, and for whom there can be no rescue but through a miracle.

ACCIDENT.—Wednesday afternoon, a horse, one of a pair attached to a charcoal wagon, fell into a hole in Stamper's Alley, near the corner of 3rd street, and was with difficulty extricated. The hole was full of mud, and so deep, scarcely anything but the animal's head appeared above ground. The owner came near losing him, and whoever occasioned the hole should pay the damage.

GOING A MAYING.—Four car loads of youngsters, with smiling faces, passed our office on Tuesday on a Maying frolic. The innocent little souls looked so happy we could not help envying their ignorance of evil, and their delightful disposition to look upon the sunny side of life's picture, heedless of the raw canvass that disfigures its back. Happy, happy childhood!

RIOTERS ARRESTED.—About 2 o'clock, Wednesday morning, the watch of Moyamensing arrested at a notorious den, corner of Small street and Spofford, alias Shinbone Alley, a gang of rioters, named Elizabeth Hilson, James O'Niel, Catharine Hagerty, Mary Price, Mary Owen, Susan Cole, and Owen M'Gaffney. They were all taken before Alderman Hoffner, and sent to prison.

A PICKPOCKET.—At the races on Tuesday, a pickpocket plunged his hand into the pocket of a Mr. Thomas Weaver, but was caught in the act and seized. A confederate attempted, by jumping on Mr. W.'s arm, to break his hold, but missed it. The *chevalier d' industrie* was given in charge of the police—whose hands becoming *greasy* shortly after, he was permitted to escape.

AFFECTING.—A woman, named Elizabeth Hamilton, having with her a little son, aged about eight years, was found on Tuesday night by watchman Blandford, in an untenanted house, out near the Schuylkill, in a starving condition. Both herself and the boy were likewise completely benumbed with cold. They were sent to the Almshouse.

A COUNTERFEITER.—A man named J. Allison, was committed on Saturday last in default of $1000 bail, by Mayor Conrad, for passing a counterfeit $10 note of the Bank of the United States, at the grocery store of John M'Guire, corner of 4th and Callowhill streets.—He had attempted to pass notes of the same description at several other stores in the Northern Liberties.

THE IRON STEAMER.—The iron steamboat New Jersey, formerly the "R. N. Stockton," arrived yesterday from Bordentown. She will be used in future for towing coal barges from the Schuylkill to the Delaware side.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Tuesday morning, the Coroner held an inquest at a house in Willow street, near Front, on the body of a woman about thirty five years of age, named Jane Rae, who came to her death by intemperance.

FURIOUS RIDING.—A reckless fellow, while dashing up Chesnut street on Monday evening, at the rate of at least ten miles an hour, was arrested when opposite the Theatre, taken before Alderman Binns, and fined seven dollars.

FAST DRIVING.—On Tuesday morning, an omnibus driver named John McGurk, belonging to one of the Fairmount lines, was brought before the Mayor and fined for fast driving.

GIRARD BANK.—On Monday, Charles S. Boker was elected President of this Bank, in place of Mr. Schott, resigned.

MR. MAY.—Mr. May, the missing man, has published a history of his late absence in the U.S. Gaz. Its length joined to great ambiguity in it, prevent us from transferring it to our columns. Suffice it to say, he was robbed, traced the robber and found his money. As much a do was made, as to his whereabouts, when in New York, we should think it due to the inhabitants of a portion of that city, who took so great an interest in discovering him, that he should have been more particular as to his whereabouts when there.

BREAD.—Why is it, with flour at four dollars and twenty-five cents a barrel, for the best, that Baker's loaves continue at the minimum?

In 1797, an act, which is now in full force, directing that all loaf bread should be sold by the pound avoirdupois, and inflicts a fine of *ten dollars* for every violation, by selling in any other way; one half to the informer and the other half to the state. In Europe, where *informing* is a business, what *pickings* the informers would get, did the bakers there act like ours.

DIABOLICAL.—A villain, under the influence of liquor, on Tuesday attempted a rape upon the person of a little girl about ten years of age. The attempt was made in the grave yard attached to Myers' Church, in Race street. Her cries attracted the attention of a passer by, who, entering the yard rescued her from the hands of the scoundrel.

COUNTERFEITS.—The Ledger of Tuesday contains an account of the discovery of the place of business of a gang of counterfeiters in Lower Merion Township, and the arrest of several members of the gang. These were a Dr. Joseph Elkinton, of Spring Garden, and a David Marshall. It was by this gang that the late emission of United States Bank notes was made.

NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—Lieut. Charles H. McBlair has been honorably acquitted by the Naval General Court Martial sitting in this city, of the charges preferred against him by Com. H. E. Ballard, and the President has approved the proceedings.

MR. GEDDIS.—It appears by the statement of the Cashier of the Northumberland, Bank, that that institution is a sufferer to the amount of $7,655 by the voluntary absence of Mr. Geddis, which amount he abstracted from a parcel that had been entrusted to him.

General News.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The news from Central America represent it to be in a state of anarchy and confusion. The factions are so nearly balanced in power that scarcely a week passes without a local revolution; and at each temporary triumph there is a dreadful murder and pillage. Mr. Stephens, unable in this state of things to accomplish anything, will be compelled to return home. At the last dates, he was at Guatemala.

A FIGHT AT TRENTON.—A fight occurred at Trenton on Tuesday night, between the agents and passengers of the steamboat Hornet, of this port, and the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Line. It had its origin in the refusal by the agents of the line to take the passengers aboard the cars for New York, who had come by the Hornet.

SEDUCTIONS.—By a bill now before the English House of Commons, a woman seduced may, with another witness, be enabled to mulct the offending gentleman in the sum of £30, to be levied by distress, or send him to prison for six months without further trial. The same power is also proposed in case of breach of promise of marriage.

MARRIAGE AND SUICIDE.—A man just married named Boxtend, shot himself in Frederick, Md., last Wednesday. A familiar view of the horrors of matrimony drove him, it is said, to the commission of the dreadful deed!

SKIFF UPSET.—A skiff containing a whole family, was upset in the Merrimack river, near Dougherty's Landing, on the 7th inst. Mr. Lacy, wife and child were drowned. One girl and one young man held on to a rope and were saved.

BRANDON MONEY.—Brandon money is quoted as worth 5 cents on the dollar in the Vicksburg papers.

JUDGE LYNCH APPOINTED.—We have often heard of Judge Lynch's summary mode of trial and punishment, and it has been deprecated by almost every press of any decency in the country. What are our readers to think then, when we inform them that Governor Seward, of New York, has actually appointed *James Lynch*, to officiate in a judicial capacity in the Court of General Sessions. We will have lynch law in New York now with a vengeance.

STORM IN FAYETTEVILLE.—They had a terrible hail storm in Fayetteville, N. C. on the 9th inst. Some of the hail was as large as a man's fist. It destroyed the growing crops, and gardens, and broke twenty thousand panes of glass. Pigeons and poultry were killed, and the ground was strewed with branches of trees and disintered vegetation.

IS IT TRUE?—It is said that the Great Western, on her last passage out, ran down some vessel at sea, in the night. The vessel's bowsprit was left on board the steamer, but of her hull and the human beings on board of her, nothing was even probably but a few bubbles that were lost in the glistening foam top that in a moment after washed in the wake of the destroyer. Poor human life!

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—On Sunday last, a fine little boy was run over by a car on the New York and Haerlem Railroad, and the child was shockingly mangled. The sufferer was picked up, and the driver and conductor, instead of exhibiting sorrow for the unfortunate act, behaved in the most outrageous and unfeeling manner. We hope they will be severely punished.

COURTEOUS ENOUGH.—Our government, to show a proper degree of courtesy, has ordered the Arabian vessel, the Sultanee, to be hauled over to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and put in thorough repair at our expense. The four guns now in her are to be taken out, and fourteen handsome carronades placed on board.

A SEVERE HURRICANE.—The town of Gallipolis, in Ohio, experienced a severe hurricane on the 3d inst. A church was thrown down, the gable ends of several dwellings torn out, some stables and other houses levelled to the ground, and much other damage effected. It lasted about half an hour.

LAKE MICHIGAN STORM.—A gale on Lake Michigan on the 3d, created much havoc. The Steamboat Champlain was driven high and dry and broken. Several schooners and sloops were deprived of their deck loads, and many seriously injured. Steamer Gov. Mason went ashore.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—We find in one of our exchange papers the following cure for the tooth-ache—"Take alum and common salt, pulverise them, and mix them up in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and place it in the hollow tooth."

HURT BY A HORSE.—A horse ran away on Saturday last in New York, when attached to a cart, and dashing down Centre street, ran over a sweep, after which he turned down Reade street, and went over a little girl, fracturing her jaw, and injuring her chest very seriously.

A HORRID ACCIDENT.—The lady of Chief Justice Taney stepped into a druggist's in Baltimore to look at a beautiful flower, and passing behind the counter to approach it, fell through a trap door, fracturing one of her legs and injuring her back. She was taken home on a litter in a precarious state.

QUARREL AND MURDER.—Two men, named Bowen and Buckmaster, quarrelled about politics in Calvert county, Md. lately, when the former shot the latter with a pistol. He has been tried, and sent to the Penitentiary for four years.

HOOD IN A GARDEN.—The Boston Times says that a man named Hood, has opened a garden in New York, and hopes he will not run loose among the flowers.—We wonder if the horticulturist would not BRISTLE up were he to read such a notice.

FIRE AT PORT CLINTON.—The grist and saw mills belonging to John Schall, Esq., situated at the gap of the Blue Mountain, above Port Clinton, Pennsylvania, were on Friday last, destroyed by fire. A large amount of grain and lumber was destroyed.

AN EPISTOLARY FIGHT.—Dr. Brandreth and L. F. Tasistro, are fighting by means of letters, through the New York papers, like savages. The Dr. says Tasistro is a humbug, and T. thinks the Dr. considerably worse.

VILLAINS DETECTED.—The villains who destroyed the Brock monument have been detected. They were British officers anxious to kick up a dust between the two countries by throwing the blame on the Americans.

ANOTHER RASCAL RETURNED.—The Manhattan Bank runaway, Collin C. Newcombe, has returned. He surrendered himself to the officers of the law in New York, on Tuesday, and was held to bail in ten thousand dollars.

NO MORE BREAD.—The bakers in Mobile refuse to bake bread because the restrictions of the law prevent their making any profits. The "law and the prophets" don't jibe in this case.

FIRE IN GUILDERLAND.—A tavern and store in Guilderland, New York, with two sheds and two large barns, were destroyed by fire on Thursday last. Loss $12,000, insurance of $3800.

KILLED FOR HIS MONEY.—A German was horribly mutilated at his own house, in Marthasville, Miss., on the 15th April, by some one who wanted to rob him of his money.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On the Canajoharie and Catskill Railroad, two men were run over on the 6th inst. One by a cart loaded with dirt, and one by a car. Their arms and legs were broken.

HELD TO BAIL.—The late New York District Attorney, William M. Price, was held to bail on Wednesday in the sum of $82,000. He was in custody a few hours, and then he was told to "mizzle."

A NEW DEVICE.—The fellows who make a living by stealing iron nails and disposing of them, now wash the said iron with a solution of sulphuric acid copper, and get so much more for them as copper nails.

GOING HOME.—About one hundred passengers, principally Irish and English, left yesterday morning in the packet ship Monongahela, for Liverpool.

FOUND DROWNED.—The body of a woman was found in the North river at New York, on Tuesday. The name of the deceased was Henrietta Conklin.

A SHE ROBBER.—A negro woman knocked down a white woman with a door key in New York on Tuesday, and robbed her of $12. She was arrested.

NEWS FROM TEXAS AND MEXICO.—There are late arrivals at New Orleans from both, but no news of importance.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—Lorenzo Dow was sentenced to be hung in Baltimore on Monday. He was convicted of murder on the high seas.

A SUSPECTED MURDER.—The body of a Mr. Frederick Mugg was found in the Dock at Baltimore on Sunday. It is suspected the deceased was murdered.

FIRES IN CHARLESTON.—There were three on Friday last. A machine shop, two stables, and a cotton shed. Loss about $5,000.

SMUGGLING SADDLERY.—A large lot of saddlery was seized at Detroit on the 12th, that was attempted to be smuggled.

FIRE AT A FACTORY.—On the 14th inst. a large factory at Goffstown, N. H., called the Island Mill, was burned to the ground. $2,400 was insured on it.

CONVICTED OF MURDER.—J. B. Millen was convicted in New Orleans on the 8th, of the murder of Hugh Green.

CLOTHES CAUGHT FIRE.—A little girl was burned to death in New York last week, by her clothes catching fire in the school room, from a stove.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The blockade of Pernambuco was to be removed, so say the latest advices, on the 12th April.

RUNNING AWAY.—The President and two Directors of the Brandon Bank have eloped for Texas, carrying with them three hundred negroes. Let them go.

U. S. SOLDIERS.—The steamboats Buffalo and Cleveland arrived at Detroit on the 6th, with seven hundred U. S. troops, bound for Fort Winnebago.

RICHMOND BANK.—Dabney is making some "awful disclosures." Particulars are not yet given.

WATERMELONS.—This delicious fruit is in use in Savannah already.

N. P. WILLIS.—This gentleman is announced as one of the editors of the Brother Jonathan.

HOT CORN.—Hot corn was for sale in the streets of New Orleans on the 9th inst.

FIRE IN BALTIMORE.—A stable was set on fire on Monday. A negro was arrested as the incendiary.

A FALL.—A painter, in an attempt to climb a plank, at Baltimore, on Monday, fell, and broke his thigh.

WHEAT IN MARYLAND.—The fly is destroying the wheat crop entirely in Maryland.

A QUEER LAW. The new law in Louisiana relative to imprisonment for debt is rayther a hard one.—A fellow there had better confess judgment instanter, for he can be taken and imprisoned until judgment be obtained, when he gets his release.

A VESSEL LOST.—A schooner with $90,000 in specie on board, sunk near New Orleans on the 9th, and sunk instanter. Crew and passengers barely escaped. Cargo lost. She was from Vera Cruz.

SHOT HIS SISTER.—A little boy in Richmond lately, only 5 years of age, picked up a gun his brother had laid down, and fired it off, shooting his sister in the neck. It did not kill her. She will recover.

THE RIVERS SOUTH.—The New Orleans and Vicksburg papers are full of evil forebodings from the rise of the waters in their vicinity. Great inundations and much damage are apprehended.

IT IS NOT TRUE.—A correspondent of the New York Herald denies the truth of the report that the Chinese difficulty arose from a quarrel ashore with some American sailors. He was there at the time.

TO ASSIST NATCHEZ.—We are glad to note the alacrity of the people of New Orleans, in calling meetings and collecting contributions for the sufferers of Natchez. They have noble souls at the south.

A LARGE TOW.—110 rafts of lumber were towed to Baltimore on Monday by one steamboat from Port Deposit.

A WOMAN DROWNED.—The body of a fashionably dressed woman was found in the dock at Staten Island on Tuesday morning last.

NOT SEWING SILK.—The United States Circuit Court decided on Tuesday last that silk twist is not sewing silk.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—On the 13th, the steamboats Corinthian and Corsican ran into each other, on the Ohio. Damage trifling.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.—They are making arrangements to rebuild this monument. The citizens of Montreal seem to be in earnest about it.

TOBACCO CHEWERS.—The St. Louis Gazette goes into a calculation to show the amount of tobacco a man chews in a life time. The editor says—"Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life—each day of that time he chews two inches of solid plug, which amounts to six thousand three hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, a half inch thick and two inches broad." He wants to know what a young beginner would think, if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and he were told that to chew it up would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of one thousand and ninety five dollars. We guess he would think it a pretty considerable job.

THE WINNEBAGOES.—We understand, says the St. Louis Argus of the 6th, that Gen. Atkinson has held a council with the Winnebago Indians residing on the Mississippi river, and that he is of opinion these Indians (three-fifths of the nation) will emigrate peaceably—the other two-fifths, residing on the Wisconsin, evince a disinclination to emigrate, and may probably give a great deal of trouble. The General will use every means to remove them peaceably, but is in the mean time, concentrating all the regular disposable force at Fort Crawford, to be transferred to Fort Winnebago, if coercion becomes necessary. To this must also be added a considerable volunteer force to effect the removal.

THE SEASON.—The Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register of the 6th inst. says: We do not recollect a season when vegetation generally was so forward, the first week in May, as at present. The forest leaves are fully developed, and the wild-flowers are out in all their fragrance and beauty. The Chesnut Ridge, in this immediate vicinity, affords one of the most inviting fields for botanical research that we have ever seen. The grain, on the farms around us, is remarkably forward, and gives promise of an abundant harvest—the cattle are nearly up to their knees in clover—and the meadows exhibit a covering of blade and flower, to be exceeded in richness and beauty, only by the wide prairies of the far West.

MUNIFICENT.—A Buffalo paper states that it is due to Colonel Alfred Carey, of Elba, Genesee county, to let the public know that he is the generous donor of $10,000 toward establishing a Seminary for the education of School Masters; and not his brother, T. Carey, of Batavia. It is also due to the inhabitants of Alabama and West Elba, to announce to the public that they have subscribed $10,000 more for the same noble object. This is, in connection with the efforts of the New York State Society, for the improvement of education in common school.

MR. LAUGHLIN.—John V. L. McMahon, Esq. of Baltimore, has given notice that the whole sum of money contributed for the family of Mr. Laughlin, the man who was killed in the Whig Convention, is $2,430 12½, of which the Massachusetts delegation gave $1000, and the Virginia $500. No returns have been made of the collections in Baltimore.

A BISHOP.—At a meeting of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Georgia, held at Clarkeville, on the 4th inst. the Rev. Stephen Elliott, Professor of Sacred Literature and the Evidences of Christianity in the College at Columbia, S. C. was unanimously elected Bishop of the Diocese.

COLORED POPULATION.—The Colored Population in Upper Canada amounts to 12,510. A meeting has been held, at which it was resolved to petition the Queen for a grant of land, in order to be colonised thereon together, instead of being scattered as they are at present throughout the province.

MAIL ROBBERY.—The mail made up at Petersburg, (Va.) for Augusta, (Geo.) was robbed on the 8th inst. by a yellow man, one of the hands employed upon the road, who secreted the bag, and afterward cut in open. All he got was $25. He was afterward arrested, and lodged in the Petersburg jail.

A BRIDGE INJURED.—About a third of the bridge over the Connecticut river, at Sumner's Ferry, was carried away last week. The river was high and the floating timber from above bore against the structure with tremendous force.—Loss about $3000.

DEATH FROM THE FALL OF A TREE.—Elihu M'Ginness, a son of John M'Ginness, of Greene county, (Pa.) was suddenly killed on the 21st ult. by the fall of a burning tree. The father, son, and another person were close together near the tree. The others escaped.

FURS.—The Logansport Indiana Herald states that the agency of the American Fur Company have collected the past season the finest lot of Furs ever seen, from the hide of the surly bruin to that of the egg sucking weasel, and which is valued at upward of $180,000.

SARATOGA.—A new spring has been discovered at Saratoga—the waters are said to resemble the Washington Spring at Ballston. The water flows at the rate of 3 or 4 gallons per minute, and present a very lively and sparkling appearance.

TEMERITY.—Robert Pierce, a painter by trade, undertook, on Monday, to show his skill at climbing, by ascending a plank against the ball of old Christ's Church, Baltimore. When at the top, the plank slid from its position and threw him to the ground, and his thigh was fractured.

THE FLOUR AND WHEAT received at West Troy, (N. Y.) from the 7th to the 14th of May, inclusive, was, of flour, 19,421 barrels; wheat, 27,577 bushels.

BUSINESS AT NEW ORLEANS.—Business was quite active at New Orleans on the 3d inst. Produce was in demand, and prices were improving.

CAUGHT HIM.—A man has been arrested and committed to the jail of Frederick county, Md. supposed to be the one who committed the murder.

THE SIXTH CENSUS.—The taking of the sixth census of the inhabitants of the United States will commence on the 1st of June next.

FAST.—During one day of a recent trip, the British Queen made 260 miles.

Dreadful Tornado!

NATCHEZ ALMOST DESTROYED.—On the 7th inst a tornado swept over the city of Natchez about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, carrying with it distress and destruction beyond parallel. People and houses were carried up into the air, and precipitated. Fragments of buildings, and boats and trees flew in every direction. Nearly two hundred lives were sacrificed; and at the last advices they were digging the dead bodies out from amid the ruins. Timothy Flint, the historian, and his son, and some others, were dug out alive from under a hotel. The loss is estimated at $1,260,000.

At the moment of the concussion, large masses of seeming white spray were precipitated to the earth, followed by such a roaring of the wind, as if old Eolus himself was there, guiding and directing the storm. Houses were dismantled of their roofs, and then almost immediately levelled with the earth. The air was filled with bricks and large pieces of timber—and even heavy ox carts were uplifted and thrown hundreds of yards from their original positions. About 60 flat boats lying in port were driven from shore and sunk. The ferry boats plying between Natchez and the opposite shore, capsized and sunk, and every one on board is supposed to have perished. The steamboat Hinds was capsized and sunk.—The steamboat Prairie had her cabin entirely taken off, and crew nearly all lost. The two Hotels in the city, one partly, and the other entirely blown to the ground, and almost every house more or less injured.

It is impossible to tell how many of the citizens were killed, as the streets were filled with large pieces of timber, rendering them impassable, and the work of extracting the bodies from the fallen houses was not completed, when the Vicksburg left.

THE NATCHEZ CALAMITY.—The New Orleans papers are full of accounts of this dreadful visitation. "Natchez under the Hill," as it is termed, suffered most. It presents, the "Courier" says, a scene of desolation and ruin that sickens the heart and beggars all description. A Mrs. Alexander was dragged from out the room of the Steamboat Hotel, with two children in her arms—she alive, they dead. A Mrs. Holliday was strangely saved. Her *accouchement* had only taken place a few hours before—the house she was lying in was blown down; and yet she and her infant were preserved unhurt.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION SETTLED.—We learn that the British Queen brought despatches to our government, that will probably bring about an amicable settlement of this long vexed question. The substance of them is understood to be that the award of the King of the Netherlands, which made the river St. John's the boundary between the two countries shall be the basis of the new arrangement, and that as an indemnity to Maine for any supposed rights she may possess to land north of the St. John's, the British Government shall pay her £200,000, or about half a million of dollars." We are not prepared to say that we should like such an adjustment of the matter, however anxious we may be to prevent a recourse to harsh measures, and however we should deprecate a war.—This is not the first time that England has proposed to purchase a portion of the territory in dispute; and to sell it to her now, would be to abandon our high position in the contest, and to submit to that, which a few years ago, our government treated with superlative scorn. The land is our own—we want it—we have no desire to give it away, or to sell it. Great Britain admits, by offering to purchase, our title to the ground; but she is so anxious for its possession that she will sacrifice every thing but her pride to obtain it. She should be made to sacrifice that.

SUNDAY MUSIC.—We disagree with a correspondent who signs himself A. Z., in relation to Sunday music. He thinks that it is no desecration of the Sabbath, to play light, cheerful, or gay airs upon the piano on that day; we reason differently. He says, alluding to a song he heard played on a late occasion, "it gratified me to find the dull monotony of our Sunday streets enlivened by something that did not smell of Pharasaical humbug." If this be not ironical, it is at least in decidedly bad taste. We can see no Pharasaical humbug in the attempt to preserve that kind of reverence for the day, which is so suited to serious contemplation. He adds, "how rejoiced to see even one step made towards the destruction of that miserable system of false piety which would turn a day of rational and cheerful recreation, into a night of gloomy and superstitious fanaticism." We copy this paragraph merely to assure the writer that he evinces much more affection for sound than sentiment, in his argument.—He is anxious to make a good picture, but sacrifices truth for the sake of creating an effect. We are not perhaps as rigid as we should be, ourselves, in the observance of the Sabbath; still, we look upon its quiet lineaments, as one of the greatest and most sublime features in the social organization of our country. We deem the Sabbath useful both in a moral and physical sense, independent of its being a Christian institution, and hence would not see it deprived of one attribute characteristic of solemnity, tranquility, or rest. A religious maintenance of the day, an abstinence from idle levity, and unnecessary toil, cannot be called an exhibition of false piety, nor a display of gloomy and superstitious fanaticism.

ANTE-DILUVIAN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—A book has recently been published in London, by Lieut. Radford, R. N. seriously recommending the form and dimensions of Noah's ark, as the best model for ocean steamboats. The author reasons out his case in perfect good faith, apparently convinced himself, if he shall fail to convince others. The ark is described to have been "three hundred cubits in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height;" and by some commentators is reckoned to have measured about 81,000 tons. Our modern lieutenant thinks a steam-ark, of about 20,000 tons, and built of iron, would answer for all reasonable purposes of travel.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD COMPANY.—We understand that this Company has recently effected a large loan in Europe, sufficient to enable them to pay all demands upon them; and that their finances are now in a prosperous condition.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—*By and with the advice and consent of the Senate:*

J. P. B. Wilmer, to be a Chaplain in the Navy from the 7th of March, 1839.

Rodman Lewis, to be a Chaplain in the Navy from the 13th of March, 1839.

Thomas B. Nalle, to be a Purser in the Navy from the 17th October, 1839.

Thomas P. McBlair, to be a Purser in the Navy from the 11th November, 1839.

Thomas Eastin, to be Navy Agent for the port of Pensacola, West Florida, for four years from the 10th of May, 1840, when his present commission will expire.

Joseph W. Curtis, to be a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps from the 4th of May, 1840.

REFERRING IT TO THE PEOPLE.—Messrs. Gather and Byrd, between whom there was a tie at the recent election in Frederick county, Virginia, have agreed to refer the contest to the people at the fall election.

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.—Governor Seward, of N. York, has appointed our friend Willis G. Clark, of the Philadelphia Gazette, Commissioner to take the acknowledgement of Deeds, etc., for the State of Pennsylvania.

CONNECTICUT SENATOR.—They cannot elect an United States Senator in Connecticut. The Senate of that State balloted six times on Thursday last without effect. It was then postponed till Tuesday.

POSTMASTER GENERAL.—John M. Niles, of Connecticut, has been appointed Postmaster General by the President and Senate.

MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—Churchill C. Cambreleng, of New York, has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia by the President and Senate.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—It ceased its labors on Friday last.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Reported by a Member of the Board, for the Saturday Evening Post.

		price sold for.	par
1500 shares	United States Bank,	77a78½	100
502 do	Girard Bank,	30a39½	50
94 do	Commercial Bank,	53a55	50
8 do	North America Bank,	380	400
120 do	Mechanics Bank,	35a35½	50
6 do	Far & Mec Bank,	50	50
8 do	Philadelphia Bank,	97	100
344 do	Com & RR Bank, Vicks.	16½a17½	100
372 do	Phil Wil & Balt RR.	44½a45½	50
10 do	Norriston RR.	6½	50
3 do	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	40	50
1 do	Penn Fire Ins Co.	300	400

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail,* at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked,* if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 7th to the 20th May.

May 7, received from	
Jos. H. Steel,	$1 00
W. S. Holabird, Esq.	2 00
P. H. Burdick, Esq.	4 00
A. Booth, Esq	2 00
L. Yale, Esq	1 00
E. Chichester, Esq	6 00
H. Develin, Esq.	10 00
J. F. Easton, agt.	17 00
J. Horner, Esq.	2 00
J. E. Starr,	5 00
E. C. Pettigrew,	2 00
F. Mickershaw,	2 00
T. Ford,	2 00
J. W. Wilkins,	2 00
N. Rambo,	1 25
J. Williams,	2 00
May 8.	
A. Brandon,	2 00
W. A. Newton,	17 50
I. Tomlinson,	2 00
W. Shivers,	1 00
E. P. Hanuum,	2 00
T. B. Russell,	1 00
W. M. W. Welch, Esq.	2 00
H. Francis, Esq	2 00
A. N. Bowen, Esq	2 00
May 9.	
N. McClure, Esq	4 00
R. C. Brown, Esq	2 00
A. Kitchen, Esq	1 00
Chas. Burnett, Esq	2 00
Jas. Cristy, Esq	2 00
J. F. Wrenn, Esq	3 00
R. Hoggatt, Esq	5 00
P. Damon,	2 00
W. M. Spear,	4 50
A. Johnson,	1 00
W. Pickering,	2 00
J. H. Bennett,	3 00
J. Smith,	2 00
E. McMullin,	1 50
R. Haziett,	2 00
May 11.	
J. Merrill, Esq	2 00
E. C. Grigg, Esq.	2 00
E. Mack, Esq	2 00
G. Barber, Esq	1 00
L. Seymour, Esq.	2 00
R. Clarke, Esq	2 00
A. Waddill, Esq	5 00
L. Babcock, Esq.	2 00
Chas. L. Jay, Esq	5 00
A. Dawes, Esq	2 00
A. R. Finley,	3 00
J. T. Day, Esq	5 00
R. A. Wallace, Esq.	2 00
F. W. Dewey,	2 00
C. P. Peck, Esq	2 00
Jno. Moore, Esq	5 00
G. L. Drane, Esq	1 00
M. F. White, Esq.	5 00
W. W. Cushing, Esq	2 00
W. J. Langley,	2 00
T. P. Adams,	2 00
J. Winder,	2 00
J. N. Lovejoy,	2 00
J. Culbert,	1 25
G. H. Walker,	7 00
Mrs. Harwin,	2 00
J. W. Haines,	2 00
J. Winebrenner,	5 00
J. Baugeh,	5 00
M. Mendenhall,	2 00
M. Brainard,	2 00
J. Wainright,	4 00
T. Read,	5 00
J. Lotz,	2 00
J. Hervey,	3 00
John Graham,	5 00
E. Bull,	2 00
J. Williamson,	2 00
W. R. Ross,	3 00
C. Wilkinson,	2 00
J. E. Rudd,	1 00
G. W. Sash,	2 00
W. Allen,	2 00
J. Lax,	2 00
J. Mansell,	2 00
L. W. Moody,	4 00
L. B. Linton,	2 00
R. Myers,	2 00
A. B. Reed,	2 00
J. Bradshaw,	2 00
C. L. Keen,	2 00
J. Wayne,	2 00
S. R. Simmons,	2 00
W. Clutton,	2 00
D. Bray,	2 00
J. Sifer,	6 00
J. Davidson,	4 00
May 12.	
C. Sellers,	4 00
J. McMullin,	1 00
J. Dorsey,	2 00
Jos. Fitel,	2 00
J. Croft,	2 00
Levi Miller,	2 00
J. Fithian,	3 00
E. P. Sealey,	2 00
E. Wilson,	2 00
J. Moyne,	2 00
J. L. Pearson,	2 00
John Fox,	2 00
S. Wadhams,	2 00
W. B. Haines,	1 00
O. Lovette,	2 00
J. Miller,	2 00
C. Fry,	2 00
E. Stabler, Esq.	2 00
Chas. Jackson,	2 00
N. B. Knapp, Esq	10 00
May 13.	
Hopper & Co.	3 00
J. S. Dean,	22 00
A. Aikins,	2 00
J. A. Haggard,	2 00
B. Mallack,	2 00
S. Hedges,	1 25
J. Thompson,	1 25
J. Woolman,	2 00
Floyd & Ewing,	1 00
Ewd. Adams, Esq.	2 00
H. Develin, Esq	5 00
May 14.	
Peter Amick, Esq	5 00
O. E. Shepherd, Esq	2 00
A. H. Weymouth, Esq	2 00
J. Kugler, Esq	5 00
G. R. Taliafino, Esq	2 00
Rich'd M. Smith, Esq	15 00
Geo. Moore, Esq	2 00
J. Cumming,	2 00
G. W. Hollenback,	2 00
P. White,	6 00
G. W. Doyle,	4 00
May 14, received from	
D. Smith,	2 00
E. C. Vincent,	2 00
M. Stevenson,	2 00
M. Brown,	2 00
Wm. Fowler,	2 00
May 15.	
T. Marshall,	2 00
J. L. Hance,	2 00
J. Dunwoody,	2 00
J. W. Milnor,	1 00
W. F. Glenn,	2 00
A. Rankin,	2 00
J. Travis,	2 00
J. Early,	2 00
M. Daniels,	2 00
W. Raymond,	2 00
S. Bailey,	2 00
H. Frailey,	2 00
J. Green,	1 00
J. Culbertson,	2 00
J. Adams,	2 00
F. Wells,	2 00
J. Mulhullan,	2 00
J. Keevan,	2 00
H. B. Williams, Esq	4 00
J. E. James, Esq.	100 00
W. W. Williams, Esq	2 00
R. F. Davidson, Esq	3 00
R. F. Cranston, Esq	2 00
H. Lawrence, Esq.	2 00
S. Robinson, Esq	5 00
H. S. Beakes, Esq	2 00
Wm. S. Lippincott, Esq	2 00
N. K. Bills, Esq.	2 00
May 16.	
E. Williams,	2 00
Wm. Jones,	2 00
J. S. Pringle,	2 00
A. Bunting,	2 00
J. Richardson,	2 00
A. Clayton,	2 00
J. Williams,	2 00
E. A. Rockhill,	4 00
J. Hance,	1 00
R. J. Van Tyle,	2 00
J. Armstrong, Esq	3 00
R. K. Lyon, Esq	2 00
N. B. Osgood, Esq.	2 00
M. H. Horn, Esq	2 00
May 18.	
T. Speakman,	2 00
J. B. Stout,	1 00
C. Lamb,	2 00
H. Wentworth,	2 00
H. S. Turner,	2 00
Sam'l Sellers,	2 00
A. Reese,	2 00
J. B. Parker,	2 00
T. Wilkins,	2 00
Thos. Markland,	4 00
Jas. H. Handy,	4 00
J. A. Joy,	2 00
T. W. Downing,	2 00
J. Tallman,	2 00
S. Smith,	2 00
C. C. Hart,	1 50
Hall & Daniels,	2 00
J. T. Whiting,	2 00
J. Gayley,	1 00
T. P. Patterson,	2 00
Robt. Parry,	2 00
Miss C. Seager,	5 00
J. Herbert, Esq	2 00
C. W. James, agt.	100 00
G. Gunby, Esq.	2 00
J. H. Donley, Esq.	1 00
Jas. F. Thompson, Esq.	10 00
W. Pandevanter, Esq	5 00
Wm. Barnett, Esq	1 00
A. Lacomb, Esq	6 00
H. Barlett, Esq	2 00
J. Hutchinson, Esq	4 00
J. F. Porter, Esq	2 00
Wm. Murray, Esq	4 00
Wm. McCurdy, Esq	5 00
W. L. King, Esq	5 00
A. Ward, Esq	2 00
G. L. Sherer, Esq	7 22
S. Keel, Esq	2 00
W. H. Jones,	5 00
Jos. Mitchell,	2 00
J. Geddes,	4 00
Jas. White,	2 00
R. Moore,	5 00
Danl. Harriet,	2 00
Sarah Ann Webster,	2 00
T. S. Merritt,	2 00
Geo. Newlove,	2 00
Chas. Rush,	6 00
M. N. Woodland,	2 00
Jonathan Thomas,	2 00
J. Thompson,	2 00
May 19.	
R. M. Smith, agt.	3 70
Elizabeth Gladding,	1 00
L. Morris,	2 00
Saml. Shafer,	2 00
W. Pusey,	1 00
M. Sohr,	2 00
H. Fellows,	2 00
B. Rust,	2 00
A. Ewing,	2 00
R. Sharpless, Esq	12 50
L. Seymour,	5 00
A. Camp, Esq	5 00
Robt. Spencer, Esq.	2 00
Z. Pickens, Esq	2 00
D. Anderson,	1 00
H. Dyer, Esq	5 00
J. Irvine, Esq	2 00
M. Lord, Esq	2 00
C. P. Horton, Esq.	3 00
H. Talbott, Esq	2 00
N. Nebeker, Esq.	2 00
A. C. Wishman, Esq	4 00
S. Panons, Esq	3 00
J. Waterhouse, Esq	2 00
Eb. E. Gaither, Esq	10 00
pays to April 28, 1843.	
May 20.	
B. Rees,	5 00
W. Carner,	2 00
G. W. Bitner,	2 00
J. J. D. Brown,	2 00
R. D. Hill,	4 00
W. M. Dudley,	4 00
W. Armstrong,	2 00
Morton & Thomas,	2 50
A. Hutchins,	2 00
S. S. Bunting, Esq	2 00
S. C. Stevenson, agt.	50 00
R. B. Sm[ith], Esq	2 00
E. A. Landon, Esq	1 00
J. R. Cornell, Esq	2 00

SERIOUS MISTAKE.—In Cincinnati a few days ago a man *corned* himself instead of some beef, by accident.

Review of the Philadelphia Market, for the week

REMARKS.—Business has become less active and the week's transactions have been on a limited scale—the reason assigned for this change is the reassembling of the Legislature, until whose adjournment we find that a number of persons are unwilling to enter into any considerable operations, from an apprehension that they may in their wisdom again undertake to improve our monetary affairs.—Supplies of Sugar and Molasses have arrived very freely.

BARK.—On Sunday morning last, a fire occurred in a stable which communicated to the principal Bark Inspection Warehouse, and upward of 300 hhds of Bark were more or less injured, the principal part of it being entirely destroyed. Sales of 120 hhds Quercitron at $30 per ton for lst No. 1 and $28 for lst No. 2.

COFFEE.—The stock is light and good qualities are scarce and the demand has become limited. Sales in lots of 500 bags Rio at 10 a 11 cts according to quality. Some small lots of Laguyra at 11 a 11½ cts. all 4 a 6 mos.

COTTON.—Prices for the better descriptions have slightly advanced, but the demand continues limited. Sales of 250 bales inferior Alabama and New Orleans, at 7 a 7½ cents, cash; 120 do Tennessee at 8½ a 8¾ cts. 4 mos; 100 do Upland at 8 a 10¼ cts per lb. Part of the sales were for export.

FISH.—Sales of Mackerel in small lots from store at $12.75 a $13.25 for No. 1; $11 a 11.25 for No. 2, and $6 a 7 per bbl for No. 3. Codfish.—Sales at $2 a 2.12½ per qtl.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—At the close of last week superfine Flour was sold at $4.75 for Pennsylvania, and $4.50 a $4.50 for Western. Since the receipt of advices by the British Queen, the demand has become very limited, and prices have become unsettled. Holders on the Delaware ask to-day $4.75 for Pennsylvania Flour, but a sale has been made at something less. Sales on Broad Street and the Schuylkill at $4.62 a 4.68¾, and some at $4.75. Sales of Western at $4.50 per bbl. The receipts continue light but the stocks are rather increasing. Rye Flour—Sales at $2.81¼. Corn Meal—Sales at $2.87½, and Brandywine at $2.94 per bl.

GRAIN.—During the last four or five days Wheat has been steady, with a fair demand.—Sales of Pennsylvania afloat on the Schuylkill, at 90 a 93 cts. per bushel, for fair to prime red. A cargo of 1700 bushels Susquehanna, via Tide-Water Canal sold at 95 cts. and a lot of Southern at 94 cts. Rye is dull at 50 cts. with moderate sales. Corn—Sales of Southern flat Yellow at 50 a 49 cts. closing dull at 49 cts. White, sales at 46 a 47 cts. Oats—Sales of Southern at 28 cts. for prime quality. We quote 27 a 28 cts.

MOLASSES.—Supplies are arriving freely, but the demand continues limited and several parcels remain unsold. Sales of Havana in lots, at 23 a 24 cts on time.

NAVAL STORES.—No changes of any moment have occurred in the market this week. Spirits of Turpentine has sold freely at 31 cts. on the wharf.

OILS.—We quote Whale in lots at 28 cts. in hhds and 41 a 42 in bbls; Sperm $1.15 to 1.25 for Fall and Winter. Oil Linseed—Sales in bbls at 59 a 60 cts.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $15.50 a $16 per bbl for thin and heavy Pork. Prime 14, with sales in small parcels. Bacon—Fair to prime quality Hams sell at 9½ to 10½ cts; Sides 8¼ to 9, and Shoulders 7½ a 8 cts. per lb. in large and small parcels. Demand moderate. Lard is in request but little offering in the market. Sales at 10 cts. cash for No. 1 Western; now held higher. Butter is still dull of sale.

RICE.—Sales in lots at 3¼ a 3 5-8 cts. per lb.

SALT.—An import of 1,800 sacks Liverpool fine, Ashton's, has sold at a price not public.

SEEDS.—An import per ship Washington of 3,500 bushels Linseed from Calcutta, has been taken at $1.22½ per bushel of 52½ lbs.; sales of Pennsylvania Flaxseed at $1.12 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—Brandy, Gin and Rum have not varied in price, and the sales have been to a limited extent. Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 19¾ a 20 cts. with light supplies. Bbls sell freely at 22 cts.

SUGARS.—Supplies are coming forward more freely and the transactions have been to a fair extent. Sales of two cargoes New Orleans, 450 hhds. at 5 a 5 1-3 cts. 4 a 5 mos; 170 hhds common Fernandina, at 5 1-4 cts. on time; 500 boxes brown Havana and 150 Trinidad, at prices unknown.

TEAS.—There is a good demand for Teas and the sales have been to some extent; 400 half chests Young Hyson have sold at from 43 to 56 cts. per lb—and some country packed as high as 70 a 72 cts. 300 hf chests Souchong for export at 36 cts.; 500 13 lb boxes Hyson about 46 cts. on time.

TOBACCO.—The stock is chiefly composed of unmerchantable Tobacco—Good qualities are held at rather advanced prices and sales have been chiefly to the trade.—About 100 hhds Kentucky, have sold at 7 1-8 to 8¼ cts. per lb. chiefly at 8 to 8¼ cts. per lb 4 mos. part for export.—Manufactured Tobacco is in moderate request.

WINES.—The principal operations have been by auction. Sales of Dry Malaga at 32 a 33 and in Indian bbls at 35 cts.

WOOL.—The market continues quiet, and the only operation of any extent has been a lot of 12,000 lbs. foreign taken for a neighboring market at a price not public.

JACOB SENNEFF, No. 165 North Second st. between Race and Vine streets, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel.—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Healds, or Harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—

Machine Cards of all descriptions; (both Sheet and Filleting) Shuttles, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Sattinet, Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c.

my 2—6m

ALMANAC.

May, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.			
					D.	H.	M.
23 SATURDAY,	4 46	7 14	7 45				
24 SUNDAY,	4 45	7 15	8 26				
25 MONDAY,	4 45	7 15	9 5				
26 TUESDAY,	4 44	7 16	9 50	New	1	7	5
27 WEDNESDAY,	4 43	7 17	10 57	First	8	9	29
28 THURSDAY,	4 43	7 17	11 59	Full	16	6	29
29 FRIDAY,	4 42	7 18	12 24	Last	24	8	23
30 SATURDAY,	4 41	7 19	1 3	New	31	2	14

Philadelphia Post Office.
Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M. & 5½ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 8½ P. M.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, 14th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, ROBERT W. CUSHMAN, to EMILIE C. daughter of Capt. J. Whipple.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. William Suddards, J. MAYBERRY BROOKS to EMMA, daughter of Charles Hurbert, all of this city.

On Thursday, 14th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, EZRA TOWNSEND to RACHEL L. KNIGHT, both of Philadelphia county.

In this city, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Alfred Lee, WALTER BAKER, Esq. of Dorchester, (Mass.) to Miss ELEANOR JAMESON, daughter of the late Robert Williams, Esq. of Boston.

On the 11th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Rev. J. Kennaday, SAMUEL A. BARTON, M. D. of Ashton, Delaware county, to Miss RUTH A. daughter of the late Cuthbert Landreth, of Philadelphia.

In Wilkesbarre, on Tuesday morning, 12th inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. William James Clark, Mr. AMOS SISTY, editor of the Wilkesbarre Advocate, to Miss MARTHA C. BETTLE, all of the first named place.

At Snowhill, Md. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. J. Graff, Dr. WILLIAM H. RILEY, to NANCY HANDY DUFFIELD, both of that place.

May 19th, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. JOHN BLACK ASSIDDON, to Miss ANN DUNLAP, all of Southwark.

In St. Louis, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, JOHN C. TEVIS, late of Philadelphia, to HARRIET W. daughter of Charles R. Hall, Esq. of the former city.

On the 17th inst. by Alderman Charles Johnson, Wm. CHAUNCEY NICHOL, of Kinderhook, N. Y. to Miss NANCY ALLEN, of Southwark.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the 9th inst. Mr. DAVID DUNN, to Miss AMANDA GLENN, both of Norristown.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, WILLIAM MITCHELL, to EMMA JANE FARNUM, all of this city.

In St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Thomas R. Lambert, Chaplain, U. S. Navy, Lieut. WILLIAM WADE BLEECKER, U. S. Navy, to Miss LUCRETIA ANN BADGER, of this city.

DIED,

On the 12th inst. WILLIAM PILLING.

On Saturday, 16th inst. after a short and severe illness, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. WILLIAM ANNA, wife of Dr. Lewis Roper.

On the 17th inst. ISAAC BARTRAM, Jr. in the 38th year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 16th inst. MARY CONDELL, daughter of Thomas Condell, in the 28th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, 17th inst. ANN ELIZA, wife of Rev. William S. Perkins, of Bristol, Pa. and daughter of Cornelius Stevenson.

On Saturday evening, 16th inst. in the 27th year of his age, Mr. GEORGE RICKARDS, Jeweller, after a severe and protracted illness.

On Sunday morning, 17th inst. Rev. SAVILLION W. FULLER, aged 36 years, late Pastor of the Second Independent Church of Christ, (called Universalists,) of a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude.

On Thursday evening, 14th inst. ABRAHAM P. FERRIS, in the 62d year of his age.

On Friday morning, 15th inst. at 4 o'clock, of putrid sore throat, ANN ELIZA, daughter of Reese D. and Anna Maria Fell, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 17th inst. after a long and severe illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. ELLEN EVE, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mrs. MARY ANN KEYSER, in the 21st year of her age.

Lost overboard, on Monday, 27th ult. in a squall, from schr. Retrieve, while on his passage from Gloucester to Philadelphia, DANIEL, eldest son of the Rev. Daniel D. Smith, of Gloucester—the father (at the time of the melancholy occurrence) being confined to his cabin by sea sickness.

At the residence of her father, in Germantown, on 5th day afternoon, 14th inst. ELMIRA ATHERTON, only daughter of Humphrey Atherton, in the 31st year of her age, after a protracted illness of four months, which she bore with Christian resignation, sustained by the assurance that her reward was peace.

At Pelham, Westchester county, N. Y. on the 28th ult. Major GEORGE WILLIAM PREVOST, late of the British Army, aged 72 years.

At his residence in Rockville, Montgomery county, Md. on Tuesday, 12th inst. BENJAMIN STODDERT FORREST, Esq. for many years President of the Senate of Maryland, and a distinguished member of the Bar.

On the 23d of the 4th mo. in Warminster, Bucks county, Pa. of dropsy of the chest, JOSEPH LONGSTRETH, aged nearly 75 years.

Suddenly, on Tuesday morning, 19th inst. Mrs. SARAH HUTCHINSON, in the 78th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, 19th inst. Miss MARY, eldest daughter of John and Ann Cottringer, in the 17th year of her age.

At Holmesburg, on the 14th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH GREEN, widow of Mr. Charles Green, in the 23d year of her age.

Health Office, May 16, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 9th to the 16th May.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Asphyxia,	0	1	Brought over,	29	32
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Bronchi,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	—Lungs,	1	2
Croup,	0	1	—Stomach,	1	0
Congestion of Lungs,	1	1	—Bowels,	0	1
Colic,	0	1	—Liver,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	17	4	—Pleura,	1	0
			—Peritoneum,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	7	Inanition,	0	1
Cutaneous Ulceration,	0	1	Irritation of Brain,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	0	Jaundice,	1	0
—Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	1
—Head,	0	2	Malformation,	0	1
Disease of the Heart,	0	1	Mortification,	1	0
—Lungs,	0	2	—of Foot and Leg,	1	0
—Liver,	1	0	Neglect,	0	1
—Stomach,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
Drowned,	0	2	Softening of Brain,	1	0
Debility,	0	1	Small Pox,	0	2
Effusion on the Brain,	1	1	Still Born,	0	5
Fever, Hectic,	1	0	Unknown,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	6	Ulcerous Sore Throat,	0	1
Inflammation of Brain,	1	1			
Carried over,	29	32	Total,	90—42	48

Of the above there were 1 from the almshouse, 7 people of color, and 1 from the country, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 10,	40	46	50
11,	53	60	60
12,	50	66	65
13,	61	68	66
14,	65	73	72
15,	66	77	76
16,	69	75	75

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS ARE A PURGATIVE MEDICINE so justly balanced, and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they cannot possibly injure even the most delicate; at the same time, if used in such a manner as to produce free evacuations by the bowels, and repeated a few times, it will be absolutely impossible for pain or distress of any kind to continue in the body. A single twenty five cent box of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills will, in all cases, give relief, sometimes even beyond the power of words to describe, and if persevered in for a short time, there is not a malady in the whole catalogue of human ills that can possibly withstand their astonishing and wonderful influence.

The Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for COSTIVENESS; because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels of those morbid and corrupt humors which paralyze and weaken the digestive organs, and, are the cause of headach, nausea and sickness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other unpleasant symptoms.

In all disordered motions of the blood, called Intermittent, Remittent, Nervous, Inflammatory and Putrid FEVERS, The Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a certain remedy; because they cleanse the Stomach and Bowels of all bilious matter, and purify the blood; consequently, as they remove the cause of every kind of disease, they are absolutely certain to cure every kind of Fever.

So, also, when morbid humors are deposited upon the membrane and muscle, causing those pains, inflammations and swellings, called RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c. The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, completely rid the body of all morbid and corrupt humors; and rheumatism, gout, and pain of every description, will disappear as if by magic.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and those humors which should pass off the skin, are thrown inwardly, causing headach, nausea and sickness, pains in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumption, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of CATCHING A COLD.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. Three or four Pills, taken at night on going to bed, and repeated a few times, will remove all the above unpleasant symptoms and restore the body to even sounder health than it was before. The same may be said of *difficulty of breathing*, or ASTHMA.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause of the above dreadful complaint.

It should also be remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are certain to remove pain in the side, oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of LIVER COMPLAINT.

Because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humors, which, when deposited upon the liver, are the cause of the above dangerous complaint. They are also a certain preventative of APOPLEXY AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Because they carry off those humors, which, obstructing the circulation, are the cause of a rush, or determination of the blood to the head, giddiness—especially on turning suddenly round—blindness, drowsiness, loss of memory, inflammation of the brain, insanity, and every other disorder of the mind.

ONE WORD TO THE SEDENTARY.

Those who labor within doors should remember that they frequently breathe an atmosphere which is wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, and, at the same time, owing to want of exercise, the bowels are not sufficiently evacuated, the blood becomes impure, and headach, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and many other disagreeable symptoms are sure to follow.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, Being a Cleanser of the Stomach and Bowels, and a DIRECT PURIFIER of the Blood, are certain not only to remove pain, or distress of every kind from the body, but if used occasionally, so as to keep the bowels free from those humors which are the CAUSE OF EVERY MALADY UNDER HEAVEN, they will most assuredly promote such a just and equal circulation of the blood, that those who lead a sedentary life will be enabled to enjoy sound health, and DISEASE OF ANY KIND WILL BE ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE.

Agents for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. (*Indian Purgative.*)

John Zimmerman, *Lancaster.*
Henry Frease, (grocer,) *Germantown.*
James Hagan, (grocer,) *Norristown.*
William Bell, (grocer,) *Harrisburg.*
P. A. & S. Small, (merchants) *York.*
Joseph Gooding, *Fredericksburg, Virginia.*

OFFICE and GENERAL DEPOT for the sale of the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia. my 9—3m

Sales by Auction.

BY J. L. DOOLITTLE, AUC.

No. 24 North Fourth st. near the Merchants Hotel.

Public Sales—Every Evening. Comprising Hardware—Cutlery, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Combs, Whips, Saddlery, Stationary, Watches, Jewellery, Fancy Articles, &c. &c.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

CARD.—Those having Stocks of Goods, Merchandise, and Effects of Deceased Persons to dispose of, will have every facility afforded them in realizing the ready Cash.

*** Appraisements made Gratis.

N. B.—Out door Sales of *Household Furniture, Merchandise, &c.* promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Auction Store. my 16—6m

CHOICE DAHLIAS.—Messrs. Hirst & Dreer will hold a sale this morning (Saturday, May 23d,) at Doolittle's Auction Rooms in 4th near the Merchants Hotel of their choice and fine variety of Dahlias, with which they gained the first prize at the Horticultural Exhibition. Catalogues of the sale may be had at the Auction Room or of Messrs. H. & D. at their Horticultural Warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street. my 23—1t

THE SUPERIORITY OF DR. HARLICH'S PILLS over any other medicine that has ever been offered to the public, is, that they *Cleanse, Purify,* and *Strengthen.* These are important items, and their importance should not be overlooked. The system is liable, from improvidence and neglect, to accumulate bile, and a variety of Diseased Humors. To purge the system of these impurities should be early attended to. If it be neglected, the patient may be subjected to painful disease and protracted suffering. THE GERMAN APERIENT PILLS are admirably suited to this purpose—but more than this while they *Cleanse* the system they *purify* the *blood* and assist Nature kindly in her operations. The COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PILLS give tone to the stomach while they impart vigor to the whole nervous system, hence they are a desideratum, and no family should remain without them. In fact they are a sort of "Family Physician," but unlike the "school men"—for these pills may be safely consulted in *all cases*—they may be taken without injury in any—while they afford positive relief in many. We only ask for a fair trial of their merits, and are willing to abide the issue.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!! That troublesome and peace destroying disease—Thousands and tens of thousands suffer from that common and distressing complaint. Dyspepsia is frequently caused by overloading or distending the stomach by excessive eating or drinking, indigestible acid substances taken into the stomach, or from long continued constipation of the bowels, a sedentary life, fear, grief, deep anxiety, a copious draft of cold water, drastic purgative medicines, dysentery, miscarriages, intermittent and spasmodic affections of the stomach and bowels, irregular meals, late hours and too frequent use of spirituous liquors.

The symptoms of Dyspepsia may be described as a want of appetite, or an unnatural and voracious one, nausea and sometimes bilious vomiting, sudden and transient distensions of the stomach after eating, acid and putrescent eructations, water brash, pain in the region of the stomach, costiveness, palpitation of the heart, dizziness and dimness of the sight, disturbed rest, tremors, mental despondency, flatulency, spasms, nervous irritability, chilliness, sallowness of complexion, great oppression after eating, languor and general debility, sick headache, &c.

CURE.—At the head of all remedies stands Dr. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND GERMAN APERIENT PILLS, which act greatly upon the peristaltic motion of the intestines, thereby producing regularity of the bowels, at the same time improving the functions of the debilitated organs, thus invigorating and restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action. This medicine seldom fails in producing relief.

☞ Full and explicit directions accompanying the above medicine. Likewise a pamphlet which describes diseases, the manner of treating, &c.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States, No. 19 North EIGHTH street Philadelphia.

SICKNESS. There are many persons that we daily behold, whose countenance and frail trembling limbs denote affliction, which we find has principally originated from neglect of proper remedies. At first the patient complains of bile on the stomach, attended with sickness, costiveness, pain in the stomach after eating, &c. &c. He neglects to procure proper medicine—at length he complains of pain in the side, with sour and acid eructations, his appetite becomes impaired, his rest troublesome, his mind harassed, and all things around him appear not in their proper station. He still neglects himself when in all probability the disease may at length be so fast seated, that no medical aid will replace him again. At the first attack of sickness, there should be "no time lost" in procuring DR. HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING AND APERIENT PILLS, which immediately remove bile from the stomach, obviate costiveness, remove disorders in the head, invigorate the mind, strengthen the body, improve the memory, and enliven the imagination; thus restoring the body again to its proper functions. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North Eighth Street.

LIST OF AGENTS, who sell *Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening Tonic and German Aperient Pills*:—

Pennsylvania.—Jesse Kerns, Westchester; John J. Zuber, Lancaster; Wm. Mathiott, Columbia; Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg; George Getz, Reading; John T. Werner, Pottsville; Henry Lamb, Wilkesbarre; A. H. Wilson, Berwick; Wm. Biddle, Danville; Henry Yoxtheimer, Sunbury; John Seibold, New Berlin; John Murray, Milton; Willard & Drum, Williamsport; Burnside & Morris, Lockhaven; Henry Brokerhoff, Bellefont; Frances McClure, Lewistown; Jacob Miller, Huntington; Williams, Bingham & Co. Hollidaysburg; Geo. Rogers, Evansburg; Moorhead & Lowman, Indiana; John J. Meyers, Carlisle; Dewitt & Bumgardner, York; Samuel Forney, Gettysburg; James R. Kirby, Chambersburg; Thomas Miller, Bedford; M. Tredwell & Co. Somerset; J. B. & R. B. Marsh, Washington; Randel McLaughlin, Greensburg; John Barclay, Beaver; S. Pennebaker, Mifflintown; F. Dobbs, Kittanning; David & Lane, Butler; J. B. Pearson, New Castle; Dr. James Maggoffin, Mercer; John McFarland, Meadville; O. Spafford, Erie; H. Lloyd, Darby; John Marquart, Lebanon; Samuel Smith, Doylestown; Bean & Schrack, Norristown; Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Wm. Peal, Shippensburg; H. Bright, Allentown; Josiah Bethuch, Easton.

Ohio.—James Clark, New Lisbon; G. A. Adams, Warren; S. Swift, Ravina; Strickland & Gaylord, Cleveland; C. O. Cracy, Painesville; Henry Harris, Ashtabula; John Saxton, Canton; J. Chapin, New Philadelphia; J. A. Jones, Mt. Vernon; B. Briggs, Newark; Chester Matton, Columbus; P. Cooney, Somerset; McCurdy, Caldwell & Co. Washington; James Turnbull, Steubenville; B. Bartly, Mansfield; D. Edwards, Dayton; S. Puterbaugh, Xenia; Fahnestock & Nigh, Lancaster; A. Lippett, Zanesville; Hanna & Bebee, Cadiz; Whiting & Kebourne, Springfield; M. & D. McDonald, Urbana; Amos Kloch, Wooster; R. Patten, Marion; J. A. & A. C. Work, St. Clairsville; G. B. Human, No. 2 Lower Market street, Cincinnati; J. Howell, Hamilton; J. Scott, Bucyrus.

Indiana.—D. P. Holloway, Richmond; Lewis & Hobbs, Lawrenceburg; J. L. Mothershead, Indianapolis; George Holling, Brookville; E. Flint, Terre Haute; L. Timms, Vincennes; Thos. January, New Albany.

Kentucky.—Wm. Jones, Louisville; J. C. Noble, Lexington; J. F. Tanner & Co. Shelbyville; Lyle & Walker, Paris.

Virginia.—Wm. Harper Romney; Clark & Windle, Winchester; E. Waats, Charttsville; J. C. Swan, Petersburg; S. T. Barclay, Richmond; Rheuben T. Thorn, Fredericksburg; Geo. E. Yeatman, Warrington; John Sanders, Leesburg; Charles D. Kilham, Harpers Ferry; John I. H. Strath, Charlestown.

Maryland.—Jonathan Butler, Cumberland; A. B. Hunt, Frederick; S. McComas, Hagerstown; Robert Parnham, Washington, D. C.; John I. Says, Alexandria, D. C.; N. G. Cook, No. 3 N. Gay Street, Baltimore.

New Jersey.—Francis Woolman, Burlington; G. Copperk, Mount Holly; Moses Miele, Woodbury; G. H. Hopking, Newark.

New York.—George Hopkins, No. 44, Division street.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the United States is at N. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. Many original certificates of cures may be seen, also, addresses of various persons, all of which have been cured or benefitted by the above medicines. Those who doubt the efficacy of the medicine are respectfully invited to call and obtain the address of persons and satisfy themselves before they purchase. my 9—3m

TO TEACHERS.—Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, (New Series) is just completed in eight parts. In these books the whole art is laid down so simply, and at the same time in a manner so regularly progressive both in outline and engraved examples, that the young beginners as well as those more advanced in the art may acquire an elegant and expeditious business hand in a short time, without any other instructions than those to be found on the covers. These books possess many decided advantages over any before offered to the public.

They are made of the best paper, and owing to the peculiar arrangement of the lessons, they contain more than double the quantity of any other copy books, and cost but little more than those of the most inferior kind.

They have been adopted by the controllers of public schools for the city and county of Philadelphia, etc. and are highly recommended by the first artists and teachers in the city.

For sale at the principal bookstores, and by the publisher, at 106 south Ninth street, Philadelphia.

my 16—3t* B. H. RAND.

A SAD MISTAKE.—Francis Mahan has proclaimed himself out of the woods, and says he thinks he may now claim the right to shout victory, but Francis is wrong. He cannot be allowed to claim and use Ward's system to pilot him out, nor can his self appointed Committee help him out, although they wink at his cabbaging my system to cut his coats by, which they pronounced of superior good fit, &c. *It wont do for one Tailor to cabbage from another, it is sure to be found out,* but hear what the Chairman of the only Committee legally appointed has to say on the subject.

A. WARD.

To Mr. Allen Ward—Sir—In answer to your letter directed to me as Chairman of the Committee of Master Tailors, appointed pursuant to Mahan's challenge, to investigate and decide between yourself and Francis Mahan as to which of you is the best Cutter of Garments and Publisher of the best System of Garment Cutting, I can only say that our delay of proceedings is caused by the failure of Mr. Mahan to produce to the satisfaction of a majority of the Committee any thing like a system of his own. That which he has produced was instantly known by a majority of the Committee to be your Protractor System, which the said majority could not recognise as belonging to him. Hence it follows that Mr. Mahan has been premature in cutting the coats and appointing persons to decide his victory. Whenever he can show the Committee that he has a system of his own to compete against yours, then I will call the members of the Committee together, and you shall each have a fair chance to cut coats and display your respective systems for the benefit of the trade and the award of merit, but as yet Mr. Mahan has failed to shew a system to compete with yours, and therefore the Committee cannot proceed.

Yours, with respect, Signed WM. DEAL, Chairman of Committee.

my 2—3t

DOCTOR JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES. These medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges, Physicians* of the *Army* and *Navy,* and of *Hospitals* and *Almshouses,* and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States; and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These Preparations consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, HOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY, and Inflamation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS. Price $1.

Also JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY. Price $1.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c. Price 50 cents.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an appointed Alterative or Purgative Medicine is required. Price 25 cents.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents in nearly every Town and City in the United States. my 16—3m

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Hurrah for Laughing Love.

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path where'er we roam;
Though melancholy brood not o'er
The festive board at home.
Hurrah! hurrah!

The stately form, the haughty brow,
And the cold majestic brow,
May awe the slaves who worship them—
The pomp they cannot share.
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love for me!

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye.

The Poor Author.—An author who was miserably out of heels, applied to a bookseller in Saint Paul's Churchyard, for employment, who told him, that, upon producing a specimen of his abilities, he would do something toward supporting him, as he was in a pitiful situation. "Aye," says the author, but I would not be supported in this pickle—I want to be taken out of it—and if you will give me a subject to write on, I will convince you I am worthy your esteem. "Well, what subject shall I give you?" says the bookseller. "Any subject," says the author, "*but that of money or my wife—for I am not master of either.*"

Easter Day.—There was a superstition once very prevalent in England, that on Easter-day the sun danced at sunrise, an idea used as a comparison by Sir John Suckling, in one of his verses, eulogising a belle of the day:

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out,
As if they feared the light;
And, oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter-day
Were half so fine a sight.

Poetry.—"See how this pot runs!—look's, Dick—A jade to serve us such a trick; Hang it, I'll blow her up sky high." "Why, Tom, the pot don't run—you lie." "I say it does—why, look's here, The table's puddled all with beer."—Said Dick, "Confound your hasty tongue, I'll make you own you're in the wrong; For can't you see, you squabbling sot, The beer runs out and not the pot?"

Retort.—A learned clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner, by an illiterate preacher, who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," responded the former, "that the *Lord has opened my mouth to preach* without any learning." "*A similar event*," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The Shrewd Reply.—The retort courteous was fully experienced by the celebrated counsellor, Jack Lee, on the northern circuit; for, being engaged in examining one Mary Pritchard, of Barnsley, he began with, "Well, Mary, if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Black Moll." "Faith, may you, master lawyer," said she, "for I am always called so by the blackguards."

An Irish Compliment.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman in Covent Garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I ax yer pardon, young lady but, if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep away your cheek from the rose; ye'll put the lady out of conceit with the color of her flower."

Little Else.—An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll: "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel; have you done so, sir?" "Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *little else!*"

The truth told by Mistake.—I shall not easily forget the sarcasm of Swift's simile as he told us of the Prince of Orange's harangue to the mob of Portsmouth: "We are come," said he, "for your good, *for all your goods.*" "A universal principle," added Swift, "of all governments, but like most other truths, only told by mistake."

Epigram.—Sergeant C. was of a very rubicund countenance, and sometimes rather prolix in his arguments. On one occasion, when, in the full-dress costume of his court, he was delivering a very long speech, a wit by his side wrote this epigram:

The sergeant pleads with face on fire,
And all the court may rue it;
His purple garment come from Tyre,
His arguments go to it."

An Englishman and a Welchman disputing in whose country was the best living—said the Welchman "there is no such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known about a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

A Polite Hint.—"Thomas," said a friend of the family to a footman who had been lingering about the room to show him the door. "Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late, is n't it? How soon will the dinner come up?" "The very moment you are gone, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

Swearing.—Profit or pleasure there is none in swearing, nor any thing in men's natural tempers to incite them to it. For though some men pour out oaths as freely as if they came naturally from them, yet surely no man is born of a swearing constitution.—Tillotson.

Hope.—We send our glances and our sighs up to heaven, which, after all, is nothing but the blue tinge of the atmosphere which surrounds our planet, which we alternately inhale and exhale. But the blue heaven dwells properly in the blue eye that looks up to it.

A Dentist's Sign.—A wag, from the North Parade, Penzance, has the following lines from the French:—

A dentist here makes teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without
And finds provision for his own,
By pulling other people's out.

Speaking Grammar.—"Well, miss," said a knight of the birchen rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can—but I hate to, most plaguily."

Pert.—A widow said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless little hussy, "*for the second time.*"

Witty.—A witty gentleman of the city observing a citizen who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed he might be called "*an off hand man.*"

Mixing.—"Why," said one lawyer to another, "why does Z—— drink so much water while he is speaking?" "He is," replied the person addressed, "mixing the brandy he drank last night."

Hook.—"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

Bad Punctuation.—Trying to put a *stop* to a woman's tongue when her "dander is fairly up."

COURTSHIP AND KISSING.

Wal, arter that me and Susan went over to naber Simonson's with Rachael, and staid a little while, and then I went home with Susan. The Deacon, as usual, managed to get asleep, between the kitchen corner and the mug of cider by the time we got home, and was making pretty considerable noise all to himself. Old Mammy Rampson began to talk about Rachael the minit we got in the house. And from that she got talkin' about all the young gals; and she kep on till she told all over how things used to be when she was a gal; and she told all over what she remembered about, when the Deacon first come to court her, and how she felt. It kinder made Susan blush and hang down her head, but I didn't mind it at all, I wanted to hear all about it. And then she told over how she and the Deacon used to go to meetin' on Sundays, and how the parson preached, and how they come home agin. From that she followed it up, about how the Deacon pop'd the question, and what a wonderful thing it was to say "Yeth" when he asked her, and how she did say it at last. And then she told all over how she was married and how she felt just afore she was agoin' to be married, and how she felt when her poor old father put her hand into the Deacon's, and how she shook and trembled, and how the parson went through with the ceremony; and what a time they had after they was married, among the nabors, and how she felt, and how she and the Deacon first commenced keepin' house, with six old chairs, and one old table, and—

The Deacon woke up jist in time to hear the last about the old chairs. "They warnt old chairs," says he, "they was bran new," and then she said "she believed they was," and she and the Deacon wound up the yarn between them, and the mug of cider, by tellin' over, and comparing them with these times, and how much better and nicer things was then than they are now, and how they was all naborly together for five miles round, but there warnt more than five families in the whole five miles, and how there warnt no frolicin' and carryin, on, and stayin' out all night, and how they all used to go to bed at nine o'clock, as regular as the time come round. And as nine o'clock had come, the Deacon and Mammy Rampson followed the old rule and went to bed.

Susan and I was sittin' a good respectable distance apart, but I was for hitchin' up right off, and I rayther guess I did, and set in a streak of talk, and kep all the time tryin' to bring in the speech I'd made, but it wouldn't come in nowhere, and I give it up and come on somethin' else.—We got talkin' about naber Simonson's darter, Rachael.

"She's a r'al scrumptious gal," says I, "pretty considerable handsome."

"Ugh! I should think she was," says she.

"Pretty good digins there for some chap," says I.

She didn't say nothin'. I see what the matter was, she was afraid I'd leave her and go arter Rachael. I went to work right off to run down Rachael and that kinder brought her around agin; and I was for mixin' in for a kiss.

"Go away now!" says she, as sulky as could be.

"Ah Susan, give me a kiss, and have done with it," says I.

"I won't! so there now, tetch me if you dare," says she. I see where the shoe pinched. It was all come by callin' Rachael "a scrumptious gal," without praisin' up her any. So I went to work in real earnest to pursuade her that I hadn't tho't about runnin' arter Rachael, and I tho't she was a great deal handsomer than Rachael any day in the year. Susan cou'dn't help chirnin' in with me, and I rayther guess Miss Rachael suffered a few, if she only knew it. We found fault with every thing if it warnt jist so and a leetle over, and I was for comin' in on the sham breeches, but we broke off on that score afore we got to it. I got hold of Susan's hand without opposition, and she looked so sweet and smilin' that I forgot all about Rachael, and was a good mind to pop the question, but I tho't mebby it would be best to put it off until next meetin' day. I mixed in for a kiss.

"Oh! now I declare," says she.

"So do I," says I, and I mixed in for another. "*Smack*," and her hair all come down with a shower of combs.

"I declare it is too bad," says she, "I never see any body so bent on it in all my life." She tried to look mad at first, but it broke out in a smile at last.

She put her hands up to fix the combs, and I fetched in three more, right arter one another.

"Oh! now Mr. Sprag, don't" says she, "if you do it again I won't like it."

"I will," says I, and I made up for another.—I catched it, and I guess the fun was bottom side up, and the laughin' out of the wrong side of the mouth; for I tell you what, I whistled for a minute or tew for somethin' besides a kiss. Served me right thinks'es I, but I,ll be darned if I don't have a receipt for it. So I hauled off for a spel, and me and Susan got on talkin' agin, about Katy Stokes' quiltin' party, and who'd be there, and whether we'd go or not, and says I, "Miss Susan, when are you goin' to have your quiltin' party?"

"I dont know," says she "that I shall ever want any quilts."

"Why Miss Susan," says I, "how you talk."

"I'm afraid so," says she, "'cause mother says the young men are very fickle minded now a days to what they used to be when there warnt so many gals to run arter."

And she puckered up her mouth, and kept playin' with her fingers all the time jist as if she was afraid she shouldn't want any, shure enough.

"Why you're getin' 'rong sided; a little oldmaidish I guess," says I.

"Ugh!" says she, and then she said "ugh," agin.

I got round behind her chair, and I made up for a receipt in full. I got my mouth in the right pucker, and at it I went. Oh! how nice I had her, and I guess I brought her right to it.—I'd got so tarnally hankerin' arter a good round kiss, that I didn't know when to stop. She hung down her arms, and her eyes closed, and laid her little mouth up as nice, and pretty, and coaxin' like as could be, and if I didn't get a receipt in full, and a little over, then I say nothin'. I'd risk another any way for the same chance, but I guess Susan will keep her eyes all around her arter this.

Subterranean Village.—"Accident," says the Progres du Pas de Calais, "has just brought to light an ancient subterranean village in the Commune of Hermies, near Bapaume. During the late heavy rains a considerable land-slip took place, leaving an immense chasm, into which some of the young men of Hermies, with more courage than prudence, descended by means of ladders to the depth of 80 yards. Great was their astonishment in finding themselves in the midst of streets bordered by cells and chambers, which evidently had been formerly inhabited.—The streets are wide enough for a vehicle to pass, and the chambers which are of different sizes, amount, according to the aggregate statements perhaps of the explorers, to 1400 or 1500. They were particularly struck by a winding staircase, which they descended, and at length discovered that it reached the bottom of the tower of the church at Hermies, into which they soon made a way. In continuing the progress of their researches, the candles they had with them were extinguished by the foulness of the air, and they were forced to retreat. On reaching the spot where they had descended, one of the party was missing. His companions, though without any light returned in search of him, and discovered him fallen into a well twenty yards deep. They succeeded in getting him out, but with one leg broken and nearly suffocated.

Popular Commotions.—Slowly and quietly, as the Rhine gathers its masses of ice, does mischief gather in a nation; and as the Rhine hurls down its avalanches in thunder, without warning, so does the spirit of evil break forth and scatter ruin around.

From the Ladies' Companion for May.
A Tribute of Gratitude.
BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"Know ye the land," where they welcome the stranger,
With heart as with hand, frank, confiding, sincere;
Where the lonely, the languid, the sorrowing ranger,
Like a brother, they watch over, cherish and cheer!

Where a smile, warm and radiant, every where meets him,
On earth—in the air—from the arch o'er his head—
And the sweetest, and purest, and gayest, that greets him,
From the eyes of its own merry maiden's, is shed?

"Know ye the land," in which nature is never
Without some wild blossom, to twine in her hand?—
In the hearts of its children, 'tis summer for ever,
The summer of love and joy:—"know ye the land?"

Where the gifted are met with a sympathy glowing,
As that which a diamond yields to the light,
When it sends back the smile of the sunbeam, bestowing
New brilliance and bloom on the messenger bright!

That land—in the eyes—in the souls of whose daughters,
Steep all the rich glory and fire of its skies,
Subdued, as when fire in the depth of the waters,
To Heaven, its own softened image replies!

There the bird, on whose bosom, a rainbow is changing—
The Nonpareil—plays its soft plumage of blue,
And Beauty—as matchless—'mid rare blossoms raging,
Beams, blushes and warbles—a Nonpareil too!

There the Lory and Oriole glance on gay pinion,
There the regal Magnolia's snow banners wave:—
'Tis the land of the high hearted, proud Carolinian,
'Tis the land of the noble—the bright, and the brave!

Ladies' Department.

Advice to Young Ladies.
BY MRS. FARRAR.

There is no objection to your having a great deal of friendly talk, and many social visits from gentlemen of approved character and known moral worth; but do not fall into the prevalent fashion of talking about *Platonic love*, and having one gentleman devoted to you in public and in private, as your chosen friend and confidant. That is a folly pregnant with mischief, where it is entered upon in good faith, and it is rendered doubly odious by the use some ladies make of it, merely to secure to themselves a beau upon all occasions. Much nonsense is talked about Platonic love, by girls who know not the real meaning of the word, and who designate, by that term, the restless craving of their hearts for sympathy, but who are the furthest removed from the calm and pure sentiment described by Plato.

The offer of a man's heart and hand is the greatest compliment he can pay you; and, however undesirable those gifts may be, they should be courteously and kindly declined; and, since a refusal is, to most men, not only a disappointment, but a mortification, it should always be prevented, if possible. Men have various ways of cherishing and declaring their attachment; those who indicate the bias of their feelings in many intelligible ways, before they make a direct offer, can generally be spared the pain of a refusal. If you do not mean to accept a gentleman who is paying you very marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can; you should not allow him to escort you; you should show your displeasure when joked about him; and, if sounded by a mutual friend, let your want of reciprocal feelings be very apparent.

You may, however, be taken entirely by surprise, because there are men so secret in these matters that they do not let even the object of their affections suspect their preference, until they suddenly declare themselves lovers and suitors. In such a case as that, you will need all your presence of mind, or the hesitation produced by surprise, may give rise to false hopes. If you have any doubt upon the matter, you may fairly ask time to consider of it, on the grounds of your never having thought of the gentleman in the light of a lover before; but if you are resolved against the suit, endeavor to make your answer so decided as to finish the affair at once. Inexperienced girls sometimes feel so much the pain they are inflicting, that they use phrases which feed a lover's hopes; but this is a mistaken tenderness; your answer should be as decided as it is courteous.

Whenever an offer is made in writing, you should reply to it as soon as possible; and having, in this case, none of the embarrassment of a personal interview, you can make such a careful selection of words as will best convey your meaning. If the person is estimable, you should express your sense of his merit, and your gratitude for his preference; and put the refusal of his hand on the score of your not feeling for him that peculiar preference necessary to the union he seeks. This makes a refusal as little painful as possible, and soothes the feelings you are obliged to wound. The gentleman's letter should be returned in your reply, and your lips should be closed upon the subject forever afterward. It is his secret, and you have no right to tell it to any one; but if your parents are your confidential friends on all other occasions, he will not blame you for telling them.

Your young female friends should never be allowed to tease or banter you into the betrayal of this secret. You cannot turn your ingenuity to better account than by using it to baffle their curiosity. Some girls are tempted to tell of an offer and refusal, in order to account for a cessation of those attentions on the part of the gentleman, which have before been so constant and marked, as to be observed by their friends. But this is no sufficient reason for telling another person's secrets. You cannot always prevent a suspicion of the truth, but you should never confirm it by any disclosure of yours.

If you are so situated as to meet the gentleman whose hand you have refused, you should do it with frank cordiality, and put him at ease by behaving as if nothing particular had passed between you. If this manner of yours is so far mistaken as to lead to a renewal of the offer, let him see, as soon as possible, that he has nothing to hope from importunity; and that if he would preserve your friendship, he must seek for nothing more. Always endeavor to make true friends of your rejected lovers, by the delicacy and honor with which you treat them. If, when your own conduct has been unexceptionable, your refusal to marry a man produces resentment, it argues some fault of character in him, and can only be lamented in silence. The feeling of many a high-minded man, on such an occasion, is akin to that which I once knew expressed by a noble and delicate soul, who had loved a friend of mine in vain; so far from feeling mortified or angry, he said, "I am proud to have loved you." Such a sentiment does honor to both parties.

Never think the less of a man because he has been refused, even if it be by a lady whom you do not highly value. It is nothing to his disadvantage. In exercising their perogative of making the first advance, the wisest will occasionally make great mistakes, and the best will often be drawn into an affair of this sort against their better judgment, and both are but too happy if they escape with only the pain of being refused. So far from its being any reason for not accepting a wise and good man when he offers himself to you, it should only increase your thankfulness to the overruling Providence of God which reserved him for you, and to the lady through whose instrumentality he is still free to choose.

Love, in the heart of a woman, should partake largely of the nature of gratitude: she should love because she is already loved by one deserving her regard; and if you never allowed yourself to think of gentlemen in the light of lovers or husbands until you were asked to do so, you would escape much suffering.

The credulity of women, on the subject of being loved, is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and, on this foundation, build up a castle in the air, and fill it with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and, when some startling fact destroys the vision, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved; but, if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving.

If you only have a wholesome dread of being entangled, and watch over your preferences with a jealous eye, you need never be caught in the snares of Cupid. If one person is becoming uppermost in your thoughts, if his society is more and more necessary to your happiness, if what he does and says seems more important than that of any one else, it is time to be on your guard, time to deny yourself the dangerous pleasure of his company, time to turn your thoughts resolutely to something else. The beginning of a preference may be checked, it may be stifled to death; it is only by indulgence that it becomes unmanageable. Speaking of it to any one, even to your bosom friend, is dangerous; so long as no one knows your weakness, you have strong inducements to behave as if it did not exist, and that self-command is good for you. Directing the mind vigorously to some new study is a wholesome remedy, and a generous devotion to the happiness of others will prevent painful reflections.

Final Charge of the British Guards at Waterloo.

"Up, Guards, and at them!" is one of those memorable sentences, standing for the symbols and representatives of great events, which, like Cæsar's report, "Veni, vidi, vici," and Nelson's signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," have imprinted themselves, in capital letters, on the page of history, and been admitted among the mnemonics of nations. At the sound, fancy sees the hill-top, on which Death had sat, like a crowned monarch, through all the dreadful day of Waterloo, swarming with the life as of a sudden resurrection—and hears the answering shout, when the hurricane of war swept down its slopes that tore into shreds the banner of France, and laid an empire in the dust!

The last charge of the British Guards on the 18th of June, beside being, necessarily, rich in picturesque effect, is an incident of the most dramatic interest, as being the point of crisis in one of those great actions by which the destiny of nations is conspicuously moulded. But, more than such incidents in general, it derives a peculiar interest of its own from the circumstances by which it had been preceded. Perhaps, of all the fields on which British valor has ever made its most conspicuous displays, there never was one so remarkable as Waterloo for that peculiar characteristic of the national courage which distinguishes it from the courage of most other races of men, and singularly contrasts it with that of the nation which was its immediate opponent on the day in question;—we allude to its constitutional quality of calm and patient endurance. A more gallant nation than France the sun does not rise on; but a Frenchman's valor is nourished upon its own action, and must be permitted to breathe itself, or it dies. It is better formed for brilliant achievement than silent resistance. With French troops, or any other troops than British, it may well be doubted if Wellington could have won the field of Waterloo; and part of his great merit consists in his perfect knowledge of the materials with which he had to work, and the entire confidence with which, since a system of tactics so desperate and trying seemed necessary to the success of his operations, he reposed on the unyielding constancy of the British soldier. Twenty times during that dreary day would his combinations have been thwarted by the irrepressible impatience of men as gallant but more impetuous, under the irritations that goaded almost to madness, and sounded more startlingly than trumpets to the charge: the Battle of Waterloo was a continued succession of tremendous charges by the French columns on the British squares; and hour after hour did these gallant heroes, amid all the maddening excitements of the scene, stand to be mowed down on the spots where they had been placed, watering unmurmuringly with their blood the ground on which a glorious harvest was about to be reaped, though well they knew that *they* should not be at the gathering. The duty of each exposed square was like the desperate one of a forlorn hope. "When will we get at them?" was the passionate cry of the Irish Regiments when death flew through their ranks, and their temper at times all but failed. "The loss of individual Regiments under circumstances so maddening," says an historian of the scene, "was prodigious. One had four hundred men mowed down in square, without drawing a trigger; it lost almost all its officers, and a Subaltern commanded it for half the day."—Another, "when nearly annihilated, sent to require support; none could be given; and the Commanding Officer was told that 'he must stand or fall where he was.'" Knowing the tremendous sacrifice that was going on, Napoleon calculated on wearying the British into defeat. Ever and again the masses of the enemy came dashing against the British squares, and were rolled back as from stone walls—but not without making fearful breaches in the living masonry, which were instantly and steadily filled up. Never was a state of inaction so dreadful and so dreary. Oh! for one blast of the bugle that should have broken that fearful paralysis of the limbs of war, and sounded to the charge!—And it came at length!—awakening the myriad energies that had slumbered through all that long and desolating day, into one tremendous and irresistible burst of action, and gathering the hoarded vengeance of its weary hours into one vast impulse, beneath whose discharge a dynasty perished from the earth!

It was after the Prussians had begun to debouch from the woods of Saint Lambert, that Napoleon, seeing the day was lost, unless he could make an instant impression on the British front, led on his Old Imperial Guard to the front of the hill, behind whose crest the British Guards lay couched like lions. Here he paused, on the remonstrances of his Staff, and Ney headed this last great venture up the hill. The hour was come when the sleepy spell was broken, and the fearful nightmare which had, all day, sat among the British squares, at length shaken off. Gallantly, amid showers of grape and canister-shot, the Imperial Guard swept on, and gallantly they crossed the ridge of a hill. Then it was that the word of power went forth—"Up, Guards, and at them!" The tide of war, which had flowed all day toward the British lines, was rolled back; the Cavalry came pouring in the track of the gallant Guards, and the Duke closed his telescope, and gave the final order for the whole British line to advance. When was ever order so exultingly obeyed!—Wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten. With their customary steadiness they began to cross the ridge; but Nature had been strained to her extremest point of forbearance, and when they saw the French before them, a cry arose that seemed to rend the heavens.—When Silence again descended on that field, to sit there with his natural ally, Death, the stars to which Napoleon trusted had fought against him in their courses, as they did against Sisera of old—the eagles were low on the plain, whence they never soared again, and the flag of the silver lilies was waving to the breezes of France!

Houses in Iceland.

The most usual site selected for the farm houses is the northern side of a valley, so as to be protected from the wind by the mountains at the back, and to enjoy as great a share of sunshine as possible. * * The walls of the house rarely exceed eight feet in height, and are pierced with a window or door under each gable. Their thickness, and the necessity of making the openings of the windows wider on the outside than at the casements, gives these holes the appearance of the embrasures of a rampart, which is further increased by the house being covered with grass, and built on a gentle slope. I had often observed a number of cows' sculls laying on the wall of the hay yard, and had been at a loss to discover to what use they could be put, till I found that they were universally kept as stools for milking. Occasionally a very small garden is to be met with in front of farm houses, in which a few dwarfish vegetables live, but can scarcely be said to grow. Round about are scattered numbers of small hovels, sufficiently high to admit of sheep taking shelter in them during stormy weather; and on the sea coast an additional building, called a hiattle, is always to be found, which serves to dry their fish in, its four sides being made of open bars of wood, to admit the wind from every quarter. * * Entering by the principal door, we proceed up a damp stone passage, ornamented with saddles, bridles, and all kinds of horse furniture. At every step the light diminishes; and, as it entirely vanishes, we are left to grope our way through low doorways, till we arrive at the "Eld Huss," or kitchen, in the centre of the building, the only place in which a fire is ever kindled, except among the richest people. To the right and left are various apartments, destined for household purposes; and, after many twistings and turnings, we reached the "guest rum," reserved for purposes indicated by its name. It has the advantage of being panelled, and contains the best furniture in the house. When not occupied by a stranger, it serves as a receptacle for every article not in immediate use. The side-saddles, spinning wheels, &c. are piled on the bed in the greatest confusion, and the rest of the apartment is crowded with large chests, which do the double duty of containing the attire of the family, and serving as seats; and as all this takes place in rooms which rarely exceed twelve feet by ten, it may be easily conceived that there is not much space for the live inmates. The garret, which is the place principally occupied by the family, is approached by an opening in the ceiling, by the assistance of a ladder. The form of the garret will not admit of standing upright, except in the middle; but the whole is made available by having berths, like on board ship, along each side. The room is lighted by a small window at each end, and not more than is sufficient to see one's way. In this style of apartment the whole family sleep, and the necessity of a fire is thus avoided by the numbers that are crowded together. In this dark room it is always dangerous to move along, from the prevalent custom of leaving some of the boards in the floor loose and unplaned. In case of a death occurring in the house at a time when it would be inconvenient to fetch timber from the coast, recourse can at once be had to this part of the floor for materials for a coffin, and the deficiency caused thereby can be made good the following summer.—Hon. A. Dillon's Winter in Iceland.

Dawn.
BY N. P. WILLIS.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind seems liquid—it o'ersteals
My bosom and my brow so bathingly.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring to its touch; and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.
Lovely indeed is morning. I have drank
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was pleasant to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive, who comes forth
From darkness, to the cheerful light of day.
Oh! could we wake from sorrow, were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn;
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful bright world its home.

Juvenile Department.

From Pictures of Early Life.
A Day's Pleasure.
BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

"How I wish I could sleep for a whole week," said Mary Herbert, as she threw down her books, and skipped about the room.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said her aunt, looking up, surprised.

"O, aunt Susan, I am so glad: mother has promised to take me to Brooklyn, when she goes to see Mrs. Ellison; and I shall have a fine range in her large garden. We are to go next Thursday, if the weather is fine, and I wish I could sleep away the time till Thursday comes."

"How can you express such a foolish wish, my child?" said her aunt, gravely; "would you be willing to lose so much precious time, merely because you cannot restrain your impatient desire of enjoyment?"

"Well, the time will seem so long; I shall be constantly thinking of next Thursday, and I am sure I shall not be able to study my lessons properly until it is over."

"Had your mother suspected you of such folly, Mary, she would scarcely have promised you the pleasure. She designed it as a reward for past good conduct; but she certainly did not suppose it would lead to inattention and impatience."

"But, aunt, I have so long wanted to visit Mrs. Ellison's daughters; they have so many pretty toys and books, a fine garden, abundance of fruit and flowers, a little pony, and a great dog, our own Hector, you know, whom mother gave to Mrs. Ellison, when first we moved to this crowded city."

"All very great attractions, doubtless, my dear Mary, but none worth the price you are willing to pay for them."

"I don't understand you, ma'am," said the little girl, looking puzzled.

"Can you tell me how much time you usually spend in study every week?"

"Let me see; geography, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and writing, occupy from nine o'clock in the morning, until twelve, every day; then there is one hour for French and two for music; that makes six hours each day, and thirty-six hours a week."

"What use do you make of the remainder of your time, Mary?"

"Twice a week, I take a lesson in drawing; and reading, sewing, (which I do so hate,) watering and weeding my garden, playing with little Henry, and sleeping, take up all the rest of the time."

"Thirty-six hours of close attention to your studies, will afford you much important information, Mary, besides aiding you in the formation of diligent habits, which will last you for life. And the needlework, which you so much dislike, is not only an essential branch of female knowledge, but will also form a powerful auxiliary in your moral education."

"How? aunt Susan."

"Whenever, my child, a sense of duty compels you to forego your inclinations and control your rebellious spirit, you have gained a victory over yourself, the results of which will be seen in afterlife. When you sit down to your sewing with reluctance, and yet can so far subdue your feelings as to wear a cheerful countenance, while you persevere until your task is finished, in spite of temptations to neglect, you are exemplifying, in a manner, the saying of the wise man, 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' The world is a scene of trial. We are rarely enabled to exhibit talents and accomplishments, but we are daily called upon for the exercise of patience, forbearance, obedience, and resignation. The sooner, therefore, we acquire such habits, the better for ourselves; and whenever you put aside your own will, not from a fear of punishment, but from a sense of duty, you are strengthening your moral character. Your time is now invaluable, because you are not only improving your mental, but also your moral nature. Habits are now to be formed which will go with you through life; and a lost day, now, will occasion a lost year in future. The cultivation of your heart is to be now commenced. Your affections are to be fostered, and your kindly feelings properly directed."

"I am sure, aunt Susan, it requires no study to love one's friends; I have never tried to love my parents, nor did I ever find it a task to love you," said Mary.

"I know that, my sweet child, your affectionate temper disposes you to look upon all around you with regard; but such indiscriminate tenderness, though very lovely in a little girl, would be a source of great sorrow to you in afterlife, if not checked and controlled. If your love was always to be bestowed as lavishly as now, you would encounter many a disappointment, and therefore even your best feelings require daily, almost hourly, training. Now, if you could sacrifice so large a proportion of moral and mental culture, or, to use your own words, if you could sleep for a week would it not be paying a great price for a day's pleasure?"

Mary hung her head, and made no reply, though her countenance betrayed her consciousness of error. She took the earliest opportunity to quit the room; and, secretly resolving to be doubly attentive to her duties for the coming week, sat down to her tasks. But, like many older and wiser people, little Mary found it easier to make good resolutions, than to keep them. The idea of future enjoyment would intrude upon her more serious thoughts. She found herself imagining the limits of Mrs. Ellison's garden, when she should have been defining the boundaries of a State; and counting the hours which must pass before the visit could be made, instead of proving her arithmetical calculations. But she certainly tried to do her best, and she succeeded better than she had at first expected.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of twenty three letters.
My 4, 2, 19, 9, 16, 4, & 13, is a county in the State of N. Y.
My 2, 21, 21, 14, 9 & 13, is a missionary station in Georgia.
My 2, 6, 16, 21, 10 and 3, is a Town in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 2, 14, 10, 5, 7, 13, 15, 19 & 16, is a city in Louisiana.
My 5, 15, 7, 2, 18, 8 and 17, is a City in North Carolina.
My 6, 21, 17, 13, 23 and 16, is a Town in Georgia.
My 7, 3, 14, 10 and 16, is a County in New York.
My 8, 13, 22, 5, 12, 4, 21, 10, 14 & 3, is a City in Maryland.
My 10, 16, 14, 4, 1 and 22, is a Town in New York.
My 2, 6, 21, 10 and 3, is a Town in Ohio.
My 8, 9, 22, 16, 13 and 9, is a Town in New York.
My 4, 6, 16, 21, 10 and 23, is a Town in Maryland.
My 14, 6, 21, 4, 11, 7, 22 and 10, is a Town in New York.
My 15, 21, 17, 2, 19 and 16, is a Town in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 21, 4, 5, 7, 18, 3 and 9, is a Mountain in Kentucky.
My 17, 6, 5, 14, 18, 16, 22 and 19, is a County in Indiana.
My 5, 10, 6, 19 and 9, is a County in Tennessee.
My 19, 18, 6, 1, 5 and 15, is a County in New York.
My 20, 11, 4, 2 and 19, is a County in Pennsylvania.
My 21, 18, 22, 8 and 6, is a County in New York.
My 19, 16, 14, 4, 20 and 22, is a County in New York.
My 23, 9, 14, 21, 10 and 3, is a Town in New York.
My whole is the name of the first celebrated man the United States produced.
An Answer to the above is requested.

Farmers' Department.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.
The Grape Vine.

There are few things that afford more pleasure for the expense of time and trouble than a good and well managed grape vine. From considerable observation the editor of this Journal was led to conclude, that a very erroneous practice was generally pursued in relation to grape vines; and three years ago determined to try an experiment. The error in practice alluded to is this: the vine is permitted to grow to the full extent of its ability, and thus every season a large portion of wood has to be cut off and thrown away. It occurred to the writer that this waste of the power of the plant might and ought to be prevented. Accordingly in the spring of 1837, he obtained an Isabella vine, one year old from the layer, having a very good root, and planted it in an ordinary soil, of rather a sandy quality, putting a wheelbarrow load of wood-yard manure and old lime mortar about the root. As soon as it began to grow he rubbed off all the buds but one, and trained that perpendicularly, rubbing off during the season all side shoots; and when it had reached to the top of a second story balcony nipped the end off, thus stopping its further growth. In the spring of 1838, he rubbed off every bud but two at the top of the vine, and trained these two along the front of the balcony, having stretched a large wire along the posts for their support. He rubbed off every side bud during the season, as at first. Both shoots made about thirty-five feet of growth this season. In the spring of 1839, every joint on the horizontal shoots were permitted to send forth its buds, and grow unmolested, till the branches had fairly set fruit, generally until they were about 18 inches long. Then the end of each branch was nipped off, and its further growth. The perpendicular stem was carefully prevented from sending out buds. The whole plant was carefully watched that no more buds might be permitted to grow—each one being rubbed off as soon as it appeared. Thus from about the middle of June, the vine was not permitted to form any new wood. During the season the grapes grew uncommonly well, and every one ripened in good season, and was very fine, as was proved by the numerous company at the Horticultural Society exhibition, who unanimously pronounced them the finest grapes there. The produce of the vine was *three hundred and fifteen bunches*, all very large, and the berries of uncommon size. The society awarded to them its first premium for native grapes. Almost every body, however, doubted whether the plant had not been injured by this excessive bearing of fruit; and many old gardeners considered that it would be killed by it. The writer never doubted on this score. He had only compelled the plant to *make fruit*, instead of wood to be cut off and thrown away, and has no doubt that if he had been able to get the season before a greater length of wood for fruit branches, the plant would have supported a much larger quantity of fruit. On trimming the vine preparatory to its bearing in 1840, there was very little wood to be cut off. Only two buds were left on each branch of last year's growth, and these are now growing and showing fruit buds very finely. The vine is not dead, nor does it appear to have been injured in the least by last year's hard work. So far, the experiment is beautifully successful, and we now feel authorised to recommend this plan to all who love fine fruit. It must be born in mind that the experiment was made with Isabella grape; we of course cannot say any thing about its applicability to other kinds from *experience*; but the same reasoning applies with equal force to all kinds. If the powers of a plant can be turned from the formation of wood to that of making fruit, as we have proved it can be in the case of the Isabella grape, we do not see any reason why the experiment may not be successful with all kinds of grapes and fruit.—One thing we do know that a plant that bears fruit does not grow as much as one that does not; and we are hence authorised to infer, that the power of the plant may be directed at pleasure, either to the growth of fruit or of wood—that by suppressing the one, you may increase the other, to a very great extent. The vine above described has attracted the attention of numerous persons, and many have determined to follow the example. It may be observed that this vine occupies no room at all in the garden. It grows close in the corner of the house, a single stem ascending fourteen feet to the balcony, when it starts off horizontally, as above described, along the balcony. Thus every house in the city that has a yard at all, so that the vine may be set in the earth, may have just such a supply of delicious grapes as the writer of this had last fall. G. B. S.

Dangers of Female Society.—I can't look full in a purty gal's face, all a flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It wakens me up and kindles such a pulse in my heart that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had run through a steam pipe. And then the allfired things have so many sly ways of coming over a feller with them are crinkum crankums of theirn, that I don't think much of a feller that can see their purty mouths work and not feel his own work too. If they sidle up, I can't help sidlin too if I died, and when their black eyes fall flush on me, I welt right down under 'em as cut grass in Weatherfield on a hot summer day. It's natur all this, and I can't help it no how.

TO THE AGENT, No. 19 North Eight street. Dear Sir:—There is not one medicine which has so small an introduction into the public prints in proportion to its virtues, as that of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. I have scarcely ever observed it to occupy a good position in the papers more than once or twice, and that in a very brief manner, just sufficient to let the people know that there was such an article. Whilst other medicines much inferior in virtue, embrace "whole columns" are puffed and blown to "the skies," and "certificates of persons repeated again and again," even long after they have been layed in their silent tombs, perhaps ever to be forgotten, if not blazed forth in public prints as being cured of maladies of which they have long been dead.
And the reason is asked under these circumstances, why the demand is so great for the COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, the answer must be obvious that its virtues tell wherever it goes, and those who have once taken it, are glad to communicate such intelligence to their kindred sufferers. This from one who has suffered much, and has been relieved by the above medicine.
Yours, with respect, L. W.
Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! You who have "Little Children" suffering from the effects of Teething, let not another day or night pass without procuring DR. PARIS CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, which gives immediate relief to those "little ones" that suffer almost incessantly at this period. A child thus affected is observed to be restless, fretful and peevish, sleeps but little, and is often seized with sudden fits of screaming and crying, thrusts its fingers into its mouth, thereby seeming to obtain relief. Thousands of "LITTLE CHILDREN" have been saved from that fatal ravager, CONVULSIONS, by the timely use of the above invaluable Medicine.
Be careful and purchase only at the MEDICAL OFFICE, No. 19 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, and of respective agents.
☞ All GENUINE has the signature of DR. PARIS blown in the bottles, and the labels and envelope contain an "entry according to the Act of Congress." Price 50 cents.

COLDS & CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is found by the afflicted generally to be the best article that has yet been discovered for removing the seat of those diseases. This Syrup give immediate relief; causes the phlegm to rise free and easy, at the same time giving strength to the system. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street.

COLDS! COLDS! COLDS!—As this is the season for these unpleasant visitors, and as a slight cough frequently terminates in a severe consumption, the public should not forget DR. SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which is a sure antidote for either. I have tried it myself, and I know it. I can say, with a good conscience, there is no mistake in this popular compound. Go, if you have a cold, to 19 North Eight Street, and try it.—Genius.

DYSPEPSIA, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Side, Loss of Appetite, Palpitation of the Heart, Costiveness, Nervous Affections, and all Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, in those diseases DR. HARLICH'S Compound Strengthening Tonic and Aperient German Pills will afford positive relief. "Thousands have already testified to this fact." This invaluable Preparation consists of two "distinct" kinds which are enveloped in "small packages" with full directions for using. Their effects upon the System is entirely different from that which many of the Medicines that appear in the public prints produce, and are as follows:—
First to cleanse the Blood, Stomach and Intestines from excrementitious matter (which always subjects the system to disease) by the use of a few doses of APERIENT PILLS. After this is accomplished, the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS are used to Strengthen and Invigorate the Nervous System, give tone to the Stomach and Organs of Digestion, thus renewing and reanimating the System again to its proper functions.
Principal Office for the United States is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where the Medicine can always be obtained.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—Those who are afflicted and desire to attain this most important blessing, should not tamper their disease with nostrums which are entirely ruinous to their health and constitutions. Many, at the first attack, resort to *Drastic Purgatives*, and continue in the use of them until the stomach and bowels become inactive, in which state the doses must be doubly increased before the object is attained. Patients must certainly be aware that, by increased and repeated doses of such medicine, their health must eventually be ruined, and their bowels left in a miserable state. *Purgation* is absolutely necessary in many diseases but not more than is sufficient to unload the contents of the stomach and bowels, and that by *Aperients*. It is highly important for patients to consider this, and be careful, as their health is all "all in all." Many, however, fancy that they cannot be cured unless they purge the body until it becomes "refined." This is a mistaken idea, and many shorten their days from the results: in proof of this, let us behold certain persons around us, whose countenances and frail trembling limbs denote *purification* to their sorrow.
HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND APERIENT GERMAN PILLS are a safe and effectual medicine, not intended to "*purify men to ghosts*," and make them too refined to remain long in this world, but they assist nature kindly, without injuring or debilitating the tenderest organs. The *Aperient Pills* are used ONLY in such doses as will cause a gentle evacuation of the bowels at the same time the *Strengthening Tonic Pills* are to be used as per direction, and their tendency is to strengthen and invigorate the nervous system, give tone to the stomach and digestive organs, remove disorders in the head, obviate costiveness, remove pain in the side, restore the lost appetite, give tranquil repose to the restless, &c. &c. Full descriptions of the diseases named, the manner of using, &c. defined in a Pamphlet which accompanies the medicine.
☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE, for the United States, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for Medicine must be directed.

HEMOPTYSIS OR SPITTING OF BLOOD.—This disease generally proceeds from oppression and weight of the stomach. A dry tickling Cough, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, &c. The bowels are mostly irregular, tongue foul, fever and restless nights, with spells of distressing cough, and difficult expectoration. Sometimes the blood that is thrown up is thin, and of a florid red color, at other times thick and of a dark or blackish color, nothing, however, can be inferred from this circumstance, but that the blood has lain a longer or shorter time in the breast before being discharged. The above symptoms are frequently attended with chilliness, sallow complexion, cold extremities followed with flushes of heat and redness of the cheeks, Headache, quick and extremely hard pulse, Palpitation of the heart, suffocating feeling in the chest, sense of rawness of the throat, saltish taste in the mouth. After these symptoms there is a feeling of warmth in the breast and a slight hawk or cough may cause a considerable discharge of blood. Now let all those who may have felt those symptoms or any indication of them, always have by them a few bottles of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which acts as a preventive against these dangerous attacks, or a certain cure when they have occurred. There is no Medicine which stands "so high," or has attained such popularity for the cure of Breast and Lung complaints as THE COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
The above medicine can always be obtained at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia; and respective agents throughout the United States.
Also for sale at the Book Store of Mrs Parker, Beach street, Kensington, J. Davis, 449 Market Street, George Getz, Reading, J. Zuber, Lancaster, and by agents generally throughout the United States. nov 9—1y

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP—TO PARENTS—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use, for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half, and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one tea spoonful will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children in half an hour and an hour. The lives of hundreds of children will be saved annually, by always keeping it on hand ready for every emergency. Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

SPRING VILLA SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Bordentown, N. J.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Wednesday the 22d of April.
The course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a complete and thorough education. The principal features of this Institution, however, consists in its being essentially a French school: the pupils being required to use the French language in their intercourse with each other, and with their teacher, both in and out of the school room, they are thus enabled to acquire readiness and fluency in the use of that beautiful idiom, without any detriment to the English branches.
The Musical Department, which is under the care of Mr E. R. Hansen, a gentleman who joins great professional ability to twenty years' experience, receives also more than usual attention. As the improvement of the pupils depends chiefly on regularity and assiduity in practising, there resides in the Institution an assistant teacher, whose duty is to be constantly in the music rooms, superintending the practice, and aiding the scholars in the difficulties they may meet with.
The property occupied by this Seminary is a delightful Villa, formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and situated immediately opposite that gentleman's park. In point of comfort and beauty, it is certainly not surpassed by any similar establishment in the country.
The number of pupils is limited to forty. No day scholars are received. There are now a few vacancies, and parents or guardians desirous of obtaining admission for their daughters or wards, may apply either personally or by mail, to A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.
. Catalogues containing terms, regulations, system of education, &c. may be found at the store of H. Perkins, 134 Chesnut street, Philadelphia; and for information concerning the character of the school, and the estimation in which it is held, reference is made to the following persons, who, with the exception of one, have had, or now have, daughters or wards under Mr. G.'s care:
Niagara Falls, N. Y. Judge Samuel De Veaux.
Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mrs R. Arnold.
New York City, Mrs Deane, 170 Broadway.
Bordentown, N. J. Capt. Edw. McCall, U. S. N.; Rev. B. R. Hall, John L. McKnight.
Philadelphia, Judge Jos. Hopkinson, Walnut above 13th street; William Lovan, 195 north 3d street; R. W. Dunlap, City Hotel; John Nagles, corner of Brown and Front street.
Lancaster, Pa. Hon. James Buchanan.
Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon co. Pa. John Reynolds.
Bedford, Pa. Mrs Naomi Kerns.
Sunbury, Northumberland co. Pa. E. Greenough, Mrs. Rebecca Philippe.
Camden, Del. Jonathan Jenkins.
Faynesville, Amelia county, Va. John T. Jeter, Dr.
Newbern, N. C. John F. Burgwyn.
Onslow Court House, Onslow co. N. C. David W. Sanders.
Warsaw, Duplin county, N. C. Hon. Wm. L. Hill.
Waynesborough, N. C. Dr. Bucknor Hill.
Wilmington, N. C. Col. John D. Jones.
Charleston, S. C. Dr. Dalyman.
St. Louis, Mo. John Deane.
St. Augustine, Florida, M. H. Tucker. ap 11—3m

MORUS MULTICAULIS.—The subscriber is authorised to exchange Real Estate for Morus Multicaulis.
CHARLES CADWALLADER,
mar 28 1840 No. 280 Market street.
N. B. Wanted experienced silk worm feeders. nov 2—tf

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers and Filterers, manufactured and sold at No. 76 South Second street, southwest corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.
D. E. still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, and Filterers, of which, during the past year, more than one hundred and fifty have been brought into use. The water for use is contained in stone jars.
☞ Having received instructions from J. Sanderson, the celebrated Filterer preparer, he is now ready to furnish said article as good as those manufactured by the inventor, and always keeps on hand an assortment of the same, warranted equal to any, capable of filtering from 1 to 25 gallons of water per hour.
N. B. Always on hand, of his own manufacture, Housing Machines, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, and Vault Grates; together with a variety of Tin, Sheet Iron, Japan, and Hollow Ware.
The subscriber is Agent for Elicott's Platform Scales.
The public are particularly invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere.
The following are a few of the references. By calling at the above No. many more will be given.
James N. Barker, Comptroller, Treasury Buildings, Washington city; Custom House, south Second street; Joseph R. Chandler, Editor of the U. States Gazette; John S. Donaldson, Baltimore; Wm. B. Fordney, Lancaster, Pa.; General Land Office, Washington city; John B. Guieu, Augusta, Georgia; George Gaskill, Burlington, N. J.; Joseph Jewett, Exchange Hotel, Baltimore; George Nagle, Harrisburg, Pa.; Wm. H. Norris, Spruce, 2d door above Juniper; Joseph Head, Mansion House, Philadelphia; R. C. Nichols, Norristown, Pa.; V. B. Palmer, Baltimore; James Page, P. M. 101 Walnut street; Charles B. Penrose, Carlisle, Pa.; Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia; Dr. John Ruan, 67 north Ninth street; J. Logan Smith, Chambersburg, Pa.; Wm. Hart, Arch street, above Fifth; Caleb Thompson, Lancaster county, Pa.; T. H. Becher, Charleston, S Carolina; J. K. Zeilin, Chester, Pa. my 16—3m

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.
CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 160 Pine street, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL W. STOCKTON,
jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '39—tf S. & W. WILSON.

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of the Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions, together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility; with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,
A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No. 33 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.
"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*
A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbances to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.
MARRIAGE. Also by the same Author. On Marriage.—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications. Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.
The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.
☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by inclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia. au 31—1y

CASH FOR COCOONS.—THE MODEL FILATURE ASSOCIATION, chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, with a capital of 20,000 dollars, is now ready to purchase and pay cash for all the Cocoons which may be offered, whether whole Cocoons or those from which the moth has eaten out. The filature is established at No. 286 Market street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. The prices at present given for Cocoons is from THREE to FIVE DOLLARS per bushel, and for the pierced Cocoons, 75 cents per bushel. Cocoons will not be received to reel on shares, nor will they be purchased by weight.
It is expected this association will be able to ensure a cash market for many thousand bushels of Cocoons during the present year. The smallest lot that may be offered, will be promptly purchased. The color of the Cocoons will not affect the price, but care must be taken to season them thoroughly before packing for transportation, and to avoid packing so as to indent them. The largest Cocoons are not always the best; good ones are firm and hard to the touch—a large spongy Cocoon will not yield much silk. Cocoons are measured by heaping the bushel if the floss is on them; if taken off, the bushel is stricken, or made even with its sides.
A pamphlet containing an exposition of the objects of the Association, with the charter, constitution, and by-laws, may be obtained without charge at the Filature. mar 14—6m

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS. To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. Prepared only by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. ap 11—6m

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This medicine has already proved itself to be all that it has been recommended, by those who have given it a fair test in this county, and the demand for it increases daily. We have just heard of an important cure of Asthma, which has been effected by the use of it in a neighboring town—the case was that of a female who had for a long time been under the care of a physician, but had received no relief, and her case was beginning to be considered hopeless. As a last resort she purchased a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which caused her to expectorate freely, gradually eased her cough, and is rapidly restoring her to health. We have no hesitation in saying this preparation of Dr. Jayne, for the cure of *Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Consumption*, &c. is the most valuable medicine ever offered to the American public. There is no quackery about it—Dr. Jayne is one of the most skilful practising physicians in Pennsylvania; and wherever his preparations have been thoroughly tested, he is looked upon as a great public benefactor.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.00. ap 11—3m

SLEEPER & BROTHERS, (Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER,) No. 116 Market street, Philadelphia. Extensive Manufacturers of SILK, GINGHAM & COTTON UMBRELLAS, PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS. Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well as sell as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self styled* "CHEAPEST" or any other.
Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling.
jan 12 '39—tf

AGRICULTURAL PUBLICATIONS.—Warranted Garden and Field Seeds.—The subscribers offer for sale at their Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third. The following approved new Agricultural Publications, viz:
Sweets' Botanical Cultivator, on the treatment of Green, Hot House, Herbaceous, Hardy and Annual Plants for Seed, $5 00
McMahon's Amer. Gardener, new edition, 3 00
Bridgman's Gardener's Assistant, just published, 1 25
—— Kitchen Gardener, just published, 37½
—— Florist Guide, this day published, 62½
American Flower Garden Directory, new edition, 1 25
Moubray on Poultry, 75
Treatise on the Mulberry, from the Chinese, 1 00
Amer. Swine Breeders Companion (Hon. H. Ellsworth)
—— Silk Growers Guide, Kenrick's, 75
—— Flower Garden Companion, (Sayer's) 62½
—— Fruit Garden Companion, (Sayer's) 62½
Manning's Book of Fruits, 75
Child on the Sugar Beet, new work, 75
Amer. Farmers Companion, by Judge Buel, 1 00
Sayer on the Cultivation of the Dahlia and Cactus, 37½
With numerous other standard publications of the first quality. Warranted Vegetable Garden, Grass, Field and Flower Seeds, of the first quality.
HIRST & DREER,
jan 11—tf Nursery and Seedsmen.

CONSUMPTION, COUGH, SPITTING BLOOD, &c.—TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Four fifths of you are really suffering from neglected Colds or an Obstruction and consequent inflammation of the delicate lining of those tubes through which the air we breathe is distributed to every part of the lungs. This Obstruction produces pain and soreness, hoarseness, cough, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, and a spitting of blood matter or phlegm, which finally exhausts the strength of the patient and ends in death. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to remove this obstruction, and produces the most pleasant and happy results. It is certain in its effects and cannot fail to relieve. Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. ap 11—3m

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 71 Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers of clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store, No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and other Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to carry one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour. Prices from 300 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

FOR SALE, IN GERMANTOWN, a dwelling house and lot of land, formerly the property of John Fry, deceased, having 74 feet front on the Main street of Germantown, and extending back of equal width 104 perches and contains 34 perches of land. The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house 24½ feet front by 31 deep, with two rooms and an entry on each story, kitchen adjoining the cellar under the whole; a well of good water with pump in it near the kitchen door. This property is situated nearly opposite the Bank of Germantown, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village. For terms apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. feb 22—tf

LEATHER STORE, No. 61 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c.
mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT always cures ASTHMA; two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with Consumption, Cough, Spitting of Blood, and other pulmonary affections, have been restored to perfect health by it. It never fails in giving relief. Prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00.
ap 11—3m

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!—The wigmakers have declared hostilities against our neighbor, Dr. Jayne, on account of his HAIR TONIC, which is knocking all their business into a "cocked hat." Ladies and gentlemen, old and young, are flocking to the Doctor's standard. Heads long divested of even the first rudiments of hair, after using his Hair Tonic, soon appear with new and flowing locks, which Absalom himself might have envied. Beardless boys are seen with large and bushy whiskers, and ladies smile again through their own ringlets, more beautiful and bewitching than ever. Bald heads are doffing their wigs and throwing them to the "moles and the bats," while the wigmakers stand aghast as they behold the demolition of their business.
What will be the consequence of this war we know not, as the wiggies are outrageous and the Doctor remains firm, and declares that "some things can be done as well as others," and that bald heads may as well wear their own hair as that of other people.—*Weekly Messenger.*
☞ It may be had of Dr. Jayne, No. 20 south Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1. ap 11—3m

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of Phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.
It always cures Asthma—two or three large doses will cure the Croup or Hives of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of Whooping Cough, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "Consumption" have been restored to perfect health by it.
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st. Philadelphia. Price $1.
Where also may be had Jayne's Carminative Balsam, for the cure of Bowel Complaints, &c. TONIC VERMIFUGE for the removal of worms, &c. SANATIVE PILLS, for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, and Female Diseases, &c. Also Jayne's HAIR TONIC for the removal of BALDNESS and preservation of the HAIR. ap 16—3m